

**SPORTS REVIEW**

February 1980

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# Wrestling

*Apartment Wrestling Catfight of the Month:*  
**THE GIRL WHO CAME 1,000 MILES TO LOSE**



**Special Investigation: THEY HAVE TO  
FORCE DUSTY RHODES TO WRESTLE  
TERRY FUNK!**



**HARLEY RACE RATES  
THE FLORIDA WRESTLERS**

# OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

## WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND  
1—BOBBY DUNCUM  
2—KEN PATERA  
3—PAT PATTERSON  
4—GREG VALENTINE  
5—IVAN PUTSKI  
6—SWEDE HANSON  
7—TED DIBIASE  
8—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW  
9—LARRY ZBYSZKO  
10—HUSSEIN ARAB

## AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL  
1—MAD DOG VACHON  
2—GREG GAGNE  
3—BILLY ROBINSON  
4—VERNE GAGNE  
5—SUPER DESTROYER II  
6—JERRY LAWLER  
7—BILL DUNDEE  
8—LARRY HENNIG  
9—STEVE OLSONOWSKI  
10—DOUG GILBERT

## MOST POPULAR

1—DUSTY RHODES  
2—ANDRE THE GIANT  
3—IVAN PUTSKI  
4—WAHOO McDANIEL  
5—MR. WRESTLING II  
6—RICK STEAMBOAT  
7—JACK BRISCO  
8—MIKE GRAHAM  
9—TOMMY RICH  
10—BILL DUNDEE



DICK MURDOCH



LARRY ZBYSZKO



BILLY ROBINSON



ERNIE LADD

## NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: HARLEY RACE  
1—DUSTY RHODES  
2—TERRY FUNK  
3—JIMMY SNUKA  
4—MR. WRESTLING II  
5—KILLER KOX  
6—RIC FLAIR  
7—JIM BRUNZELL  
8—BRUISER BRODIE  
9—DICK MURDOCH  
10—WAHOO McDANIEL

## TAG TEAMS

1—IVAN PUTSKI & TITO SANTANA  
2—PAUL JONES & BARON VON RASCHKE  
3—VERNE GAGNE & MAD DOG VACHON  
4—RAY STEVENS & MIKE GRAHAM  
5—TOMMY RICH & STAN HANSEN  
6—THE VALIANT BROTHERS  
7—THE SAMOANS  
8—MR. HITO & MR. SAKURADA  
9—DAVID & KEVIN VON ERICH  
10—BOBO BRAZIL & SWEET BROWN SUGAR

## MOST HATED

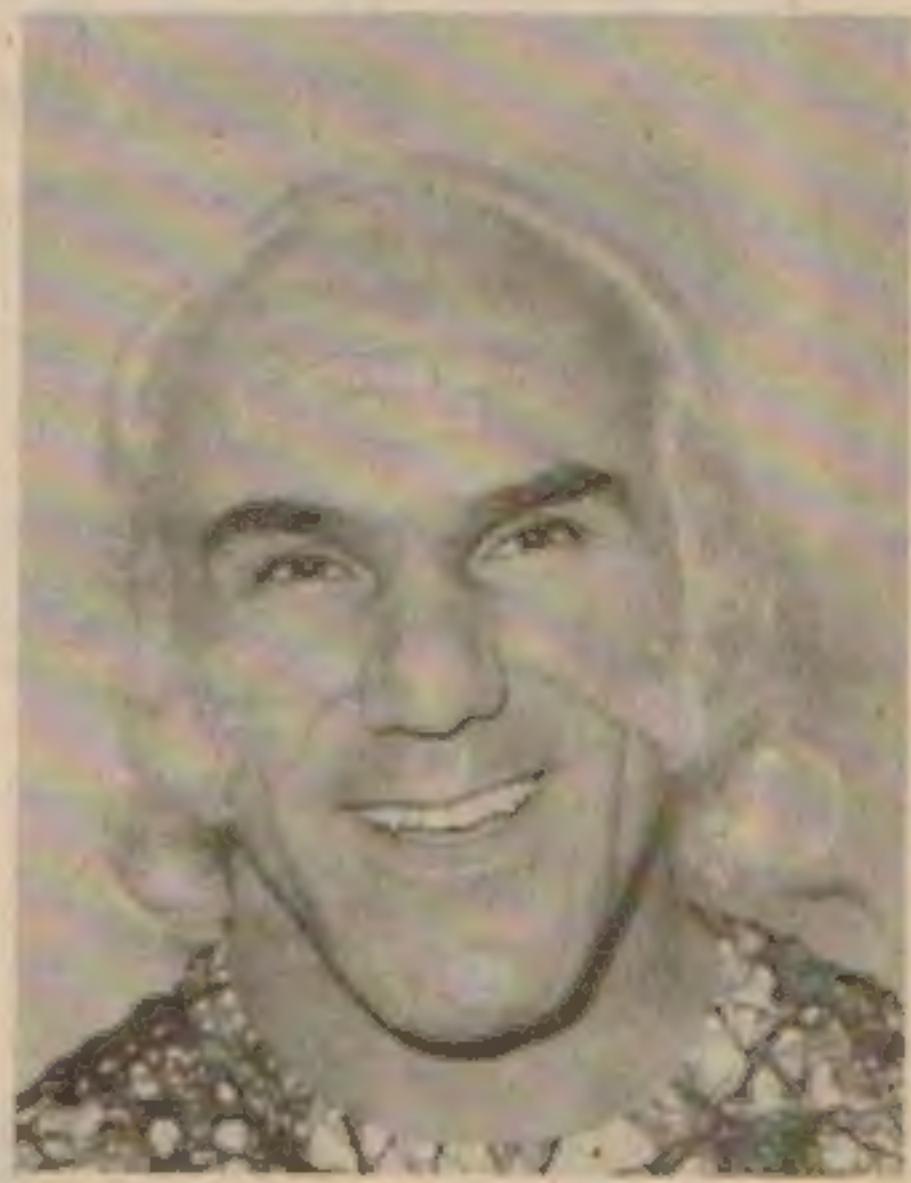
1—TERRY FUNK  
2—JIMMY SNUKA  
3—KEN PATERA  
4—GREG VALENTINE  
5—PAT PATTERSON  
6—KILLER KOX  
7—ERNIE LADD  
8—HARLEY RACE  
9—SUPER DESTROYER II  
10—DORY FUNK JR.

# THE TATTER

## CORRESPONDENTS

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Chicago, Ill.  
**Warren Knowles**  
Seattle, Wash.  
**Allison Corey**  
New York, N.Y.  
**Andre Camus**  
Montreal, Canada  
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St. Louis, Mo.  
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Tokyo, Japan  
**Andy Rankowski**  
Portland, Ore.  
**Myron Roth**  
Miami, Fla.  
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Detroit, Mich.  
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**Ed Remington**  
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Houston, Tex.  
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Baltimore, Md.  
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**Butch Gallagher**  
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**Virginia W. Sloan**  
Amarillo, Tex.  
**Randy Swift**  
Memphis, Tenn.  
**Barry Simon**  
Tampa, Fla.



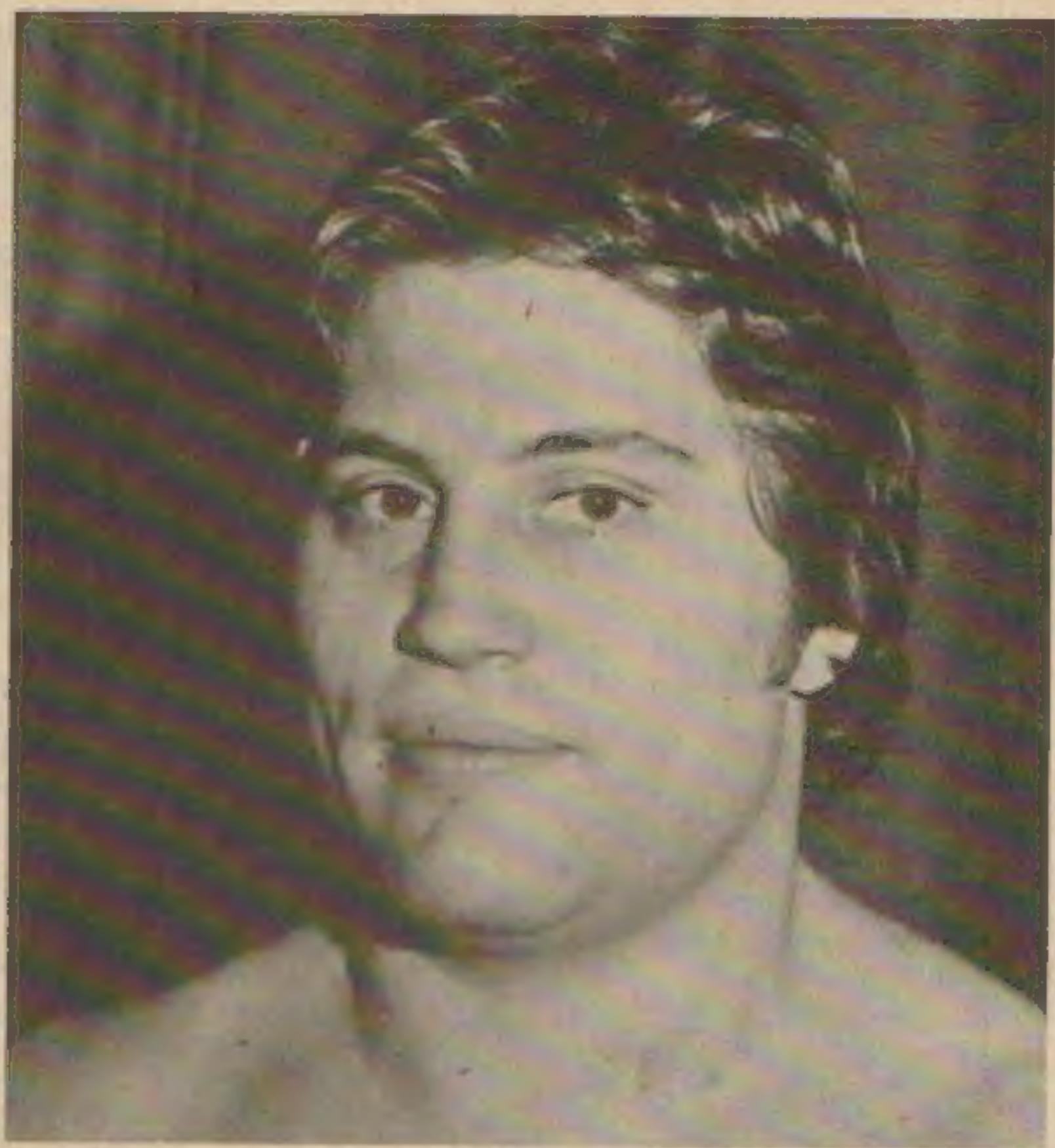
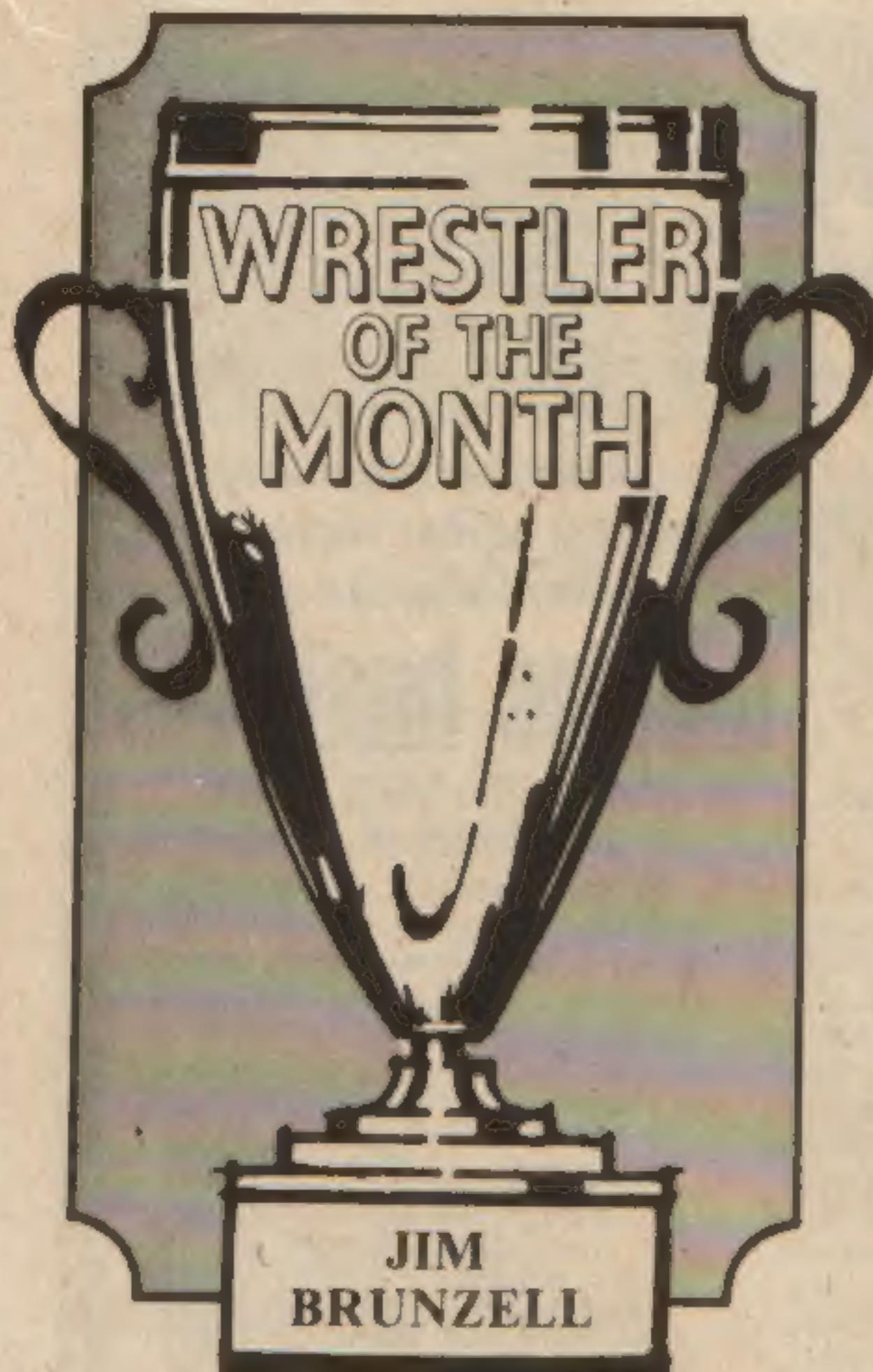
**SUPERSTAR GRAHAM**

**M**EMPHIS, TENN.—Where did Superstar Billy Graham go? "Here and there," is his vague answer. Apparently, it's not as important where Graham was as where he is now. And that's in Memphis, electrifying audiences with a style that can best be described as vintage Superstar.

"I wrestle one way and one way only. One hundred and fifty percent, give it all, ask no quarter and give none," Graham said. "I was recharging my batteries, drawing on my energy source so when I came into an area, the championship

*(Continued on page 48)*

Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!



Jim Brunzell took a big step in his career when he decided to give up the glory of his tag team days to wrestle in single competition. He made the transition well enough to be named Wrestler of the Month.

**T**HERE COMES A time in every man's life when he has to find out what he is capable of achieving. It's man's most essential curiosity.

Make no mistake. Jim Brunzell was a happy man when he wrestled in the AWA. He and Greg Gagne formed one of the most successful tag teams in the history of the sport and were one-time holders of the AWA tag team championship. "It was a good life," Brunzell said. "I had just about everything I wanted. Good friends, good fans, a partner I could depend upon to be more than just a tag team partner. And for a good while, I didn't think there was anything more."

"But I was wrong. I know that now. It's hard to explain, but I'll try. It came upon me suddenly during a match. It's really not important who we were



Brunzell was not happy with himself knowing that he could always fall back on his partner if he got into trouble.

wrestling. What happened is I was getting worked over pretty bad. In fact, I was just about one step away from unconsciousness. I was wrestling on my instincts alone. And my instincts told me I should use every last ounce of strength I

had to get over to Greg. Greg had his strength. For sure, Greg would be able to carry the team.

"Sure enough, he did. We won the bout. But that's not important now. When I got home that night, I couldn't sleep at all. I actually felt embarrassed about what happened that night. I would have lost without Greg. I performed badly and I deserved to lose. I decided then and there that I had to try and make it on my own. No more tag teams. I had to see what I could do by myself."

Brunzell departed the AWA and traveled to the Mid-Atlantic area. He immediately set his sights at the area's top position, the Mid-Atlantic championship, held by Ken Patera. "Why not," he asked. "Do you try to be number four?"

*(Continued on page 46)*

# The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans.

Because of this, we're now giving these experts a forum for their views and opinions. Each month, we'll ask a controversial question and have the fans answer—no matter what those answers might be!

#### THE QUESTION:

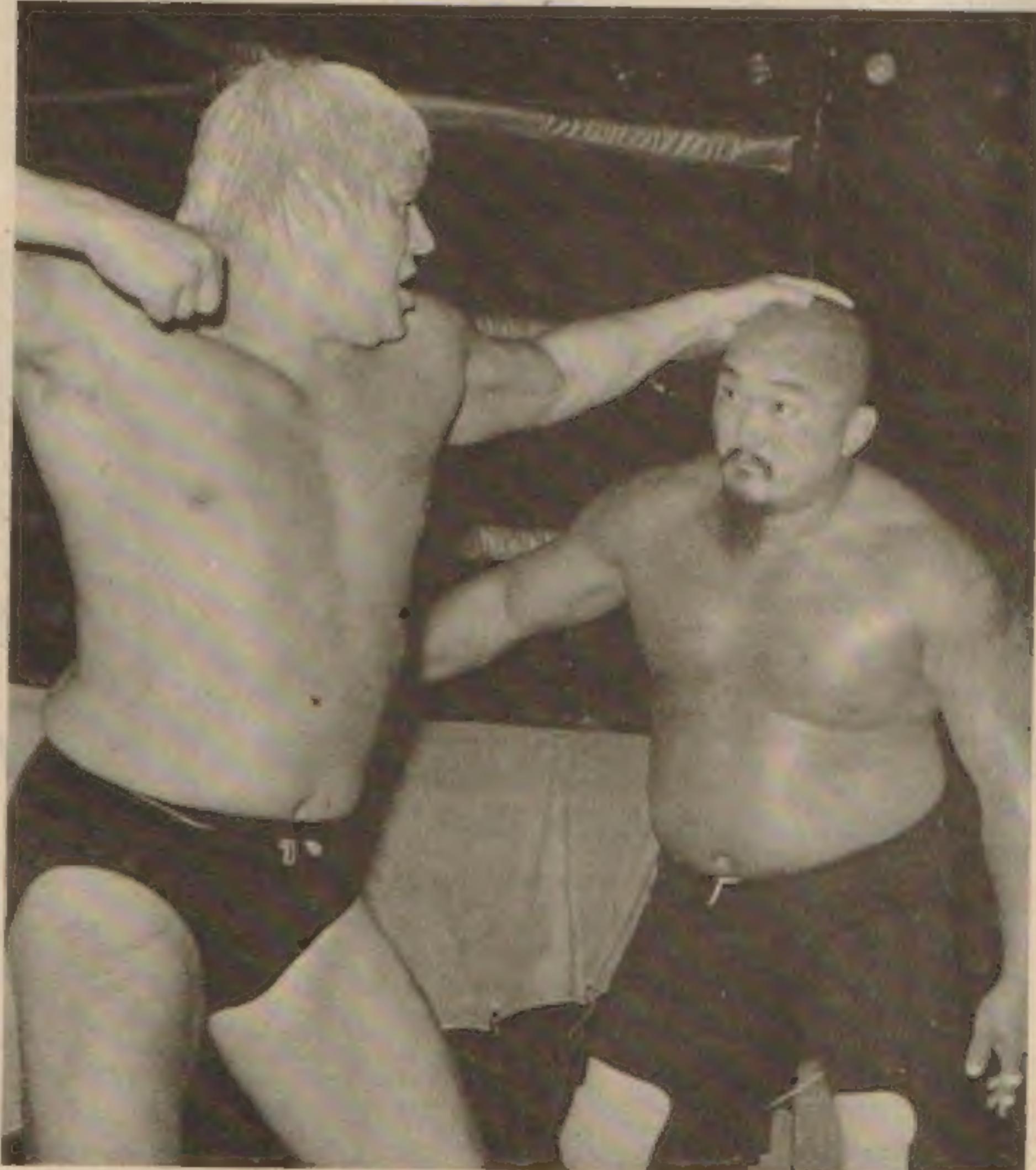
*What should be done about wrestlers who sneak-attack other wrestlers?*

#### THE ANSWERS:

*Ira Goldberg, New York, New York:* "I think some kind of suspension is needed, a month or three, something to teach these guys a lesson. Look at their attitude, if you will. Most of these bums, like Terry Funk or Pat Patterson, are contemptible anyway and fans despise them, so what do they have to lose when they sneak attack someone? They don't lose any worth because they haven't any. The refs slap them on the hand and that's the end of it. I say hit 'em hard and make 'em realize that crime doesn't pay."

*Eleanor O'Shea, Tampa, Florida:* "Fair is fair. Rules are made by the wimps in power, the creeps like Steve Keirn and Dusty Rhodes. It's men, and I use that term loosely, who make rules. Did guys like King Curtis have anything to do with those rules? No. Then why should rulebenders be forced into obeying such rules. The purpose of

*(Continued on page 50)*



This month's question concerns those wrestlers who sneak-attack other wrestlers. Pat Patterson (slugging Mr. Fuji) is a prime example of the breed of grappler renown for vicious sneak-attacks.

# TOP WRESTLER ANSWER YOUR QUESTION

Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:

**ASK THE STARS**  
Sports Review Wrestling  
Box 48  
Rockville Centre, N. Y.  
11571

**The "Question of the Month" is:**

**"What is the most pain you have ever endured in wrestling?"**

**Submitted by:  
Louise Evans,  
Memphis,  
Tennessee**



**DUSTY RHODES**

"Pain? You want to know about pain, Jack? What kinda pain? Physical pain? Want me to tell you what it's like to defend a dream with a broken arm? Or you want me to tell you what it's like to see a lifetime's work destroyed by a madman? Pain."



**NICK BOCKWINKEL**

"I've only been injured once, that is, enough to be recalled. I was defending my title against old man Verne Gagne. He was trying to remember what year it was (you know what old age has done to his mind), and drove a steel object into my gut. Knocked the wind out of me. That was the worst, I guess."



**EDDY MANSFIELD**

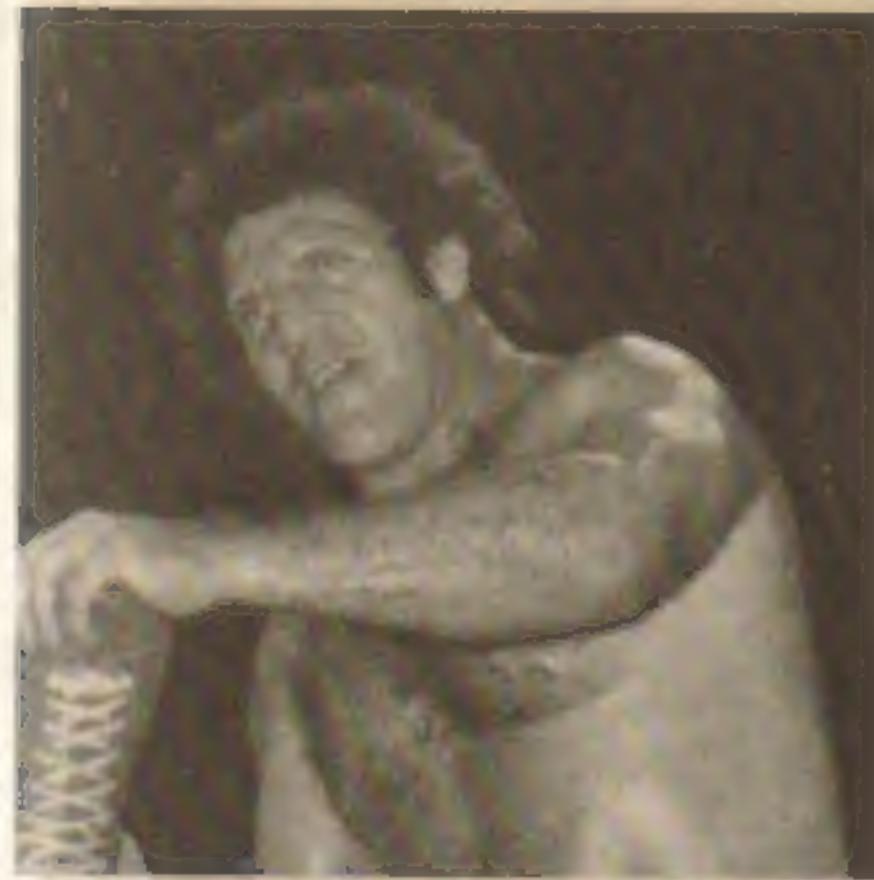
"No one messes with my face. A lot of men have tried, mainly 'cause they're so damn jealous of my gorgeous looks they gotta try and give me face rakes and other assorted disgusting maneuvers. Sure, I've had pain to my body, but never my face."



**JIMMY SNUKA**

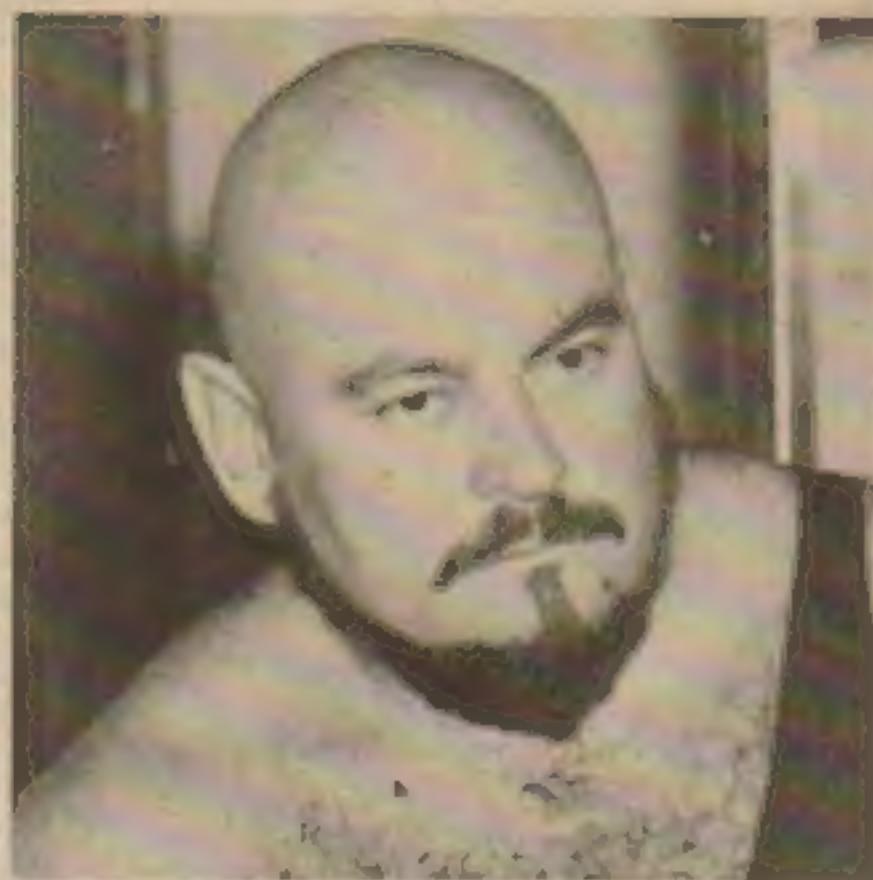
"I don't know from getting pain, only what it's like to give some. I enjoy giving pain. Sometimes, when I'm bored by an inferior foe, inflicting pain is the only thing worth bothering with."

# WRESTLERS ANSWER OF THE MONTH



## BRUNO SAMMARTINO

"Many times I thought I would pass out from pain. But the most pain I ever had was when that Stan Hansen broke my neck with the Lariat. Doggone it, I thought I would never get out of that hospital. You know, pain is tough to take, but you gotta handle it. Or else."



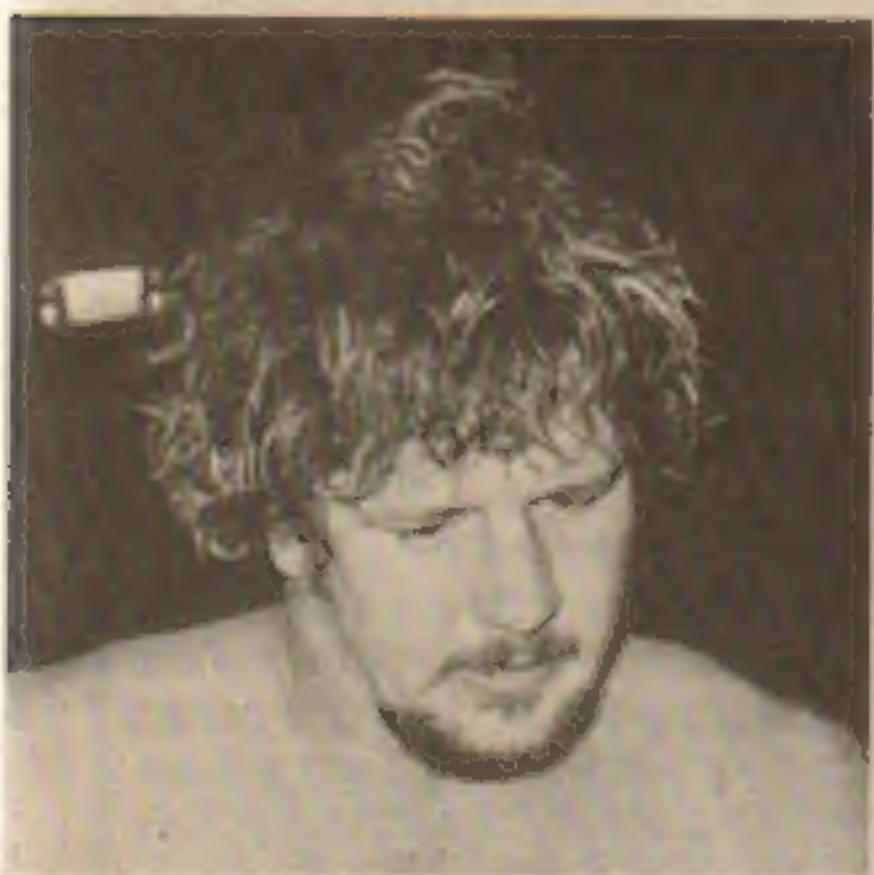
## IVAN KOLOFF

"I do not understand why you asked me this stupid question. I have never been injured in the ring. No opponent has ever inflicted the slightest bit of pain, though they have used all despicable manner of cruelty and illegality. It must be due to my Soviet training."



## TONY ATLAS

"Worst pain I ever had musta been the time me and Ken Patera had a real brawl. He dumped everything but the kitchen sink on me. Eventually, he hit me over the head with a chair. Almost lights out for little Tony. I think that was the worst."



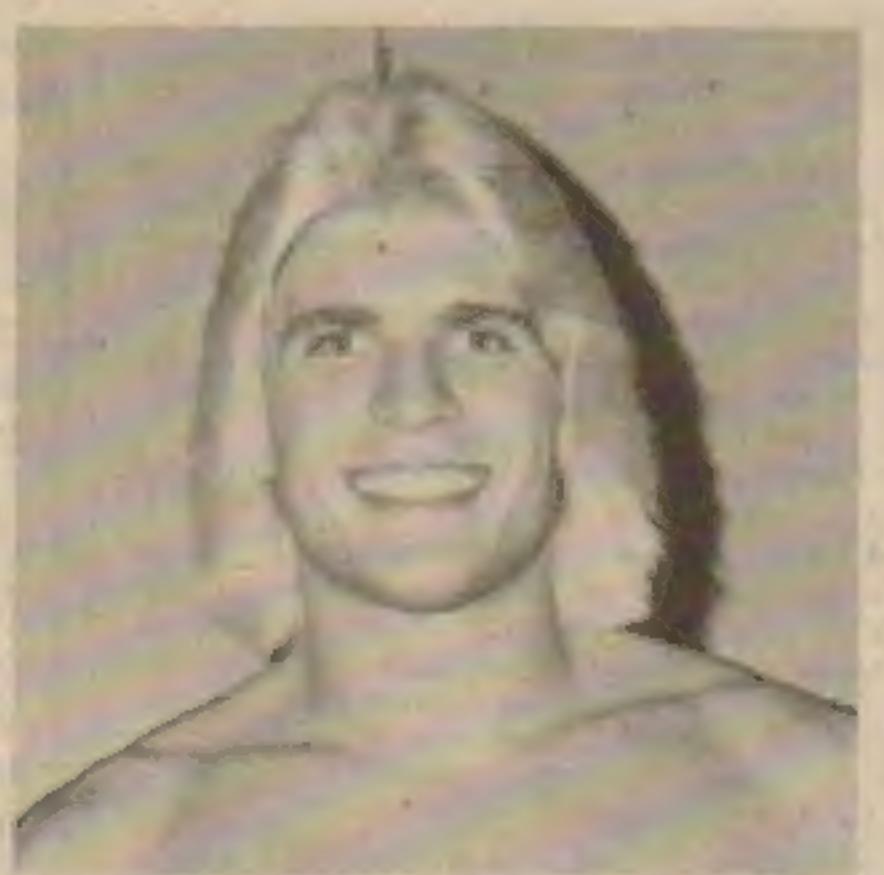
## TERRY FUNK

"Another lame-brain question. Once you get inside the ring, man, you gotta be able to accept pain or else find some other way of making a buck. A man must understand pain, must face it down, flip it over his shoulder and go on. Otherwise, he ain't a man."



## BRUISER BRODIE

"I've been hurt, but not what you mean, dig? Where I'm going is by way of treachery, men you trust running up and stabbing you blindside so you bleed in the gutter, your insides spewed all over the ring, all written out in big red letters: Trust No One."



## TOMMY RICH

"Boy, it was recently, you know what I mean? I was wrestling Killer Karl Kox and that lunatic used everything he could on me. I was almost blinded by blood. At one point, I thought the pain had me and I was a goner. Amazing how you find inner strength to overcome pain."

All over California they sing the praises of Mil Mascaras. Here is how this most remarkable athlete came to dominate the state's wrestling and why thousands of fans are delighted with the results



When wrestling a man like Dr. Ota, Mil uses his whole body as a weapon. That is the only way he can be truly effective against a vicious opponent like Ota, whose reputation for ruthlessness is well-known.



Dr. Ota is quite surprised as Mascaras prepares to swing him into a turnbuckle (above). Mil had little trouble beating Ota in this stunning match.

PHOTOS BY THEO EHRET

# MIL MASCARAS KING OF CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST TIME Mil Mascaras ventured to the state of California, he was still just a rookie wrestler, virtually unknown outside of his native Mexico. He was untested in the American mat wars. He was unsure of how he would be received by fans there. Would they dismiss him as just another wrestler who wore a mask, or would they grow to accept and love him? At the time, Mil did not know.

That first match was the hardest. He was the unknown. His opponent was quite familiar to California wrestling fans, though not particularly well-liked. The match lasted only 15 minutes. But in that

quarter-hour, Mil made his first inroads into the hearts of the fans. He gave his all to the battle, dazzling both his opponent and the spectators with his amazing flying maneuvers. The response was immediate and tremendous. The fans loved him.

Nearly a decade later, they still love him.

And why not? Ever since he made his California debut, Mil has wrestled most of the time in that state. He likes it there. But more important than that, the fans like him there. They don't want him to leave. When Mil is in California, he is the king of all he surveys.

Of course, life has not always been easy for Mil. He has faced some of the hardest competition of his career in California. But he did survive. And he did flourish, in spite of the types of setbacks which would have stopped lesser men. Mil has kept right on going.

Mil has had his problems over the years. His first major confrontation in Los Angeles was against Superstar Billy Graham. At that time, both men were still preliminary wrestlers. Their battle became a classic, one which launched both men into superstardom. When Mil wrestled The Sheik, he almost killed the hated grappler. Both men battled

# CALIFORNIA

The final seconds of the match between Mascaras and Dr. Ota (right) were just as exciting as the first.

furiously. If there were ever a rematch between Mascaras and Sheik, at least one of them would not survive. Both have sworn revenge for that confrontation. Mascaras has survived vicious feuds with men like Black Gordman and Goliath. He has met and survived the power of Ernie Ladd. Through it all, Mil's fans rallied behind him, giving him the necessary support.

But like any wrestler, Mascaras did not want to stay strictly in one place.



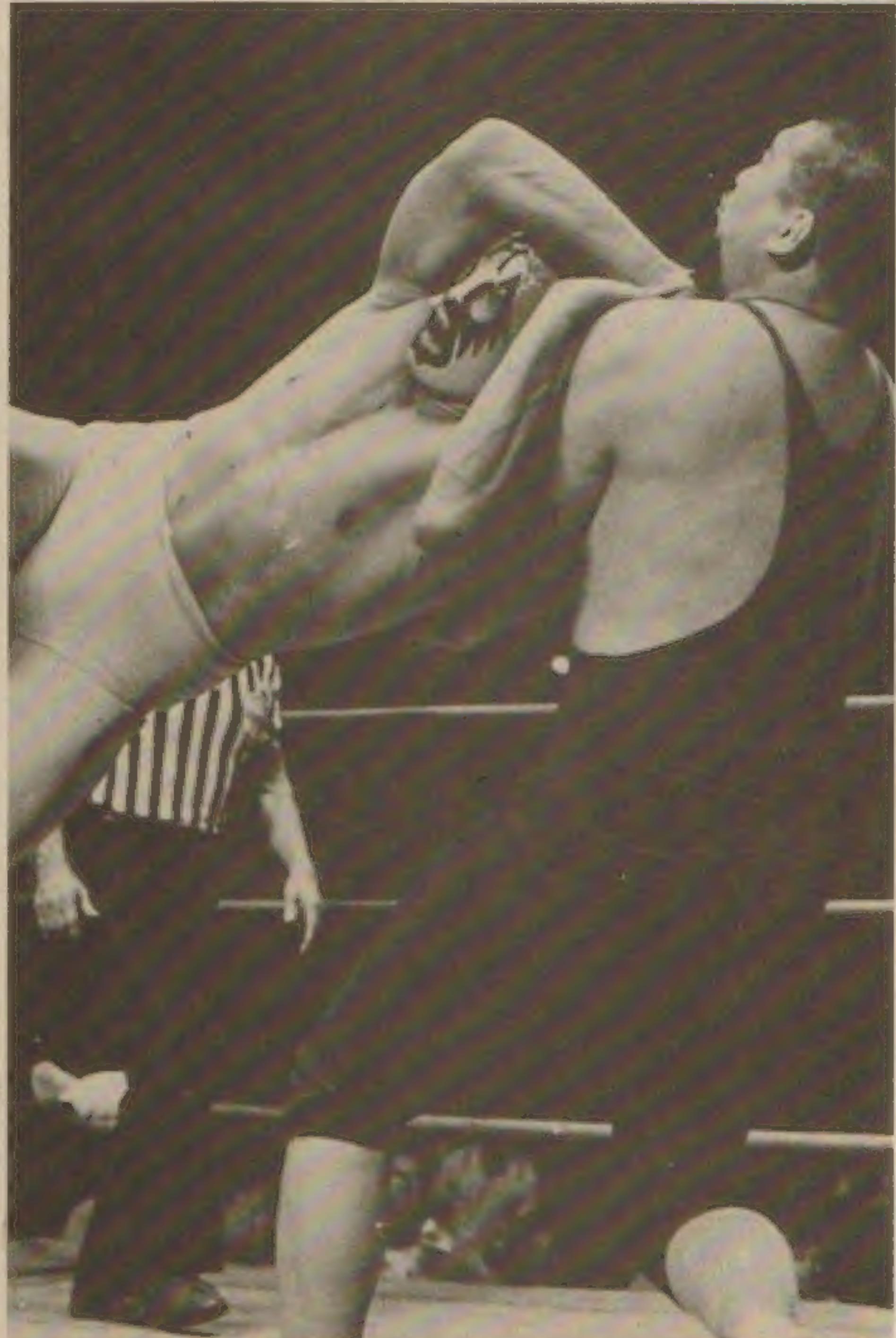
He liked traveling around, meeting different opponents and gaining new fans in other parts of the country. This disappointed many of his fans in Los Angeles. They wanted him to stay there forever. But they did understand his needs.

And Mil did leave for a few years, going back and forth across the country, meeting any and all challenges, gaining new friends, and building up his already sterling reputation. Yet every once in a while, he felt the need to go back to the place from which his career had been launched. And each time Mil returned to California, the fans welcomed him back with great enthusiasm. Every time he went back, Mascaras felt revitalized, as if there was something in the air which breathed new life into his soul. But as soon as this process took place, Mil went back on the road again.

However, there came a time when even this did not help Mascaras. He felt defeated. He felt he had wrestled his best and it was not enough. Nothing seemed to go right for the man. His whole world was beginning to fall apart. Mascaras tried to go back to his fans in California, but it was to no avail. Even they could not help his worried soul.

Salvation came for Mil in the form of Jose Lothario, who rescued the masked wrestler from his troubles. The two men isolated themselves in the hills of New Mexico. There they perfected new maneuvers together. But instead of returning to California, Mil followed Jose back to Texas. The two men wrestled together for many months as a tag team. They also wrestled singly throughout Texas. For a while, this satisfied Mascaras. He was happy and all was right with the world. However, this did not last for very long. Mascaras longed to go back to his fans in California, so he finally split with Lothario, packed his bags, and headed back to Los Angeles.

More than ever before, Mascaras needed the cheers of his California fans. He needed to know they still wanted him. He needed to know the work he had done with Jose Lothario had done some good. He hoped the fans would see the



Another flying maneuver proves effective against Dr. Ota. This match was the first one Mascaras had wrestled in California after leaving that state temporarily for the mat wars in Texas. The fans were thrilled at his return.

difference. He couldn't know for sure until he was presented to them.

It was almost like that first time. Mil was slightly nervous about facing the California crowd. Indeed, he worried more about the spectators than he did about his opponent. But Mil had a job to do, and he was determined to do it.

The man Mascaras was scheduled to wrestle was Dr. Ota, a notorious grappler prone to using illegal maneuvers whether the situation

called for them or not. Ota would certainly have no reservations about using less-than-legal tactics on Mil. After all, he had everything to gain and nothing to lose by defeating the masked wrestler.

On the other hand, Mascaras knew how to handle a man like Dr. Ota. He had faced this kind of opponent before. He wondered how the crowd would react to him. If he lost the support of the fans, there would be no need for him to



Above: Mascaras has Dr. Ota pinned to the canvas and is about to go for the win. Top right: In a test of strength, Mil comes out the winner over his hated opponent. Below: Mascaras is poised on the ropes, waiting for just the right moment to spring at his opponent.



wrestle again in California.

Mil strode bravely out of his dressing room and into the arena. He had the answer he sought immediately. A thunderous ovation rose from the crowd for their favorite wrestler. No matter what happened to Mil, they would still love him.

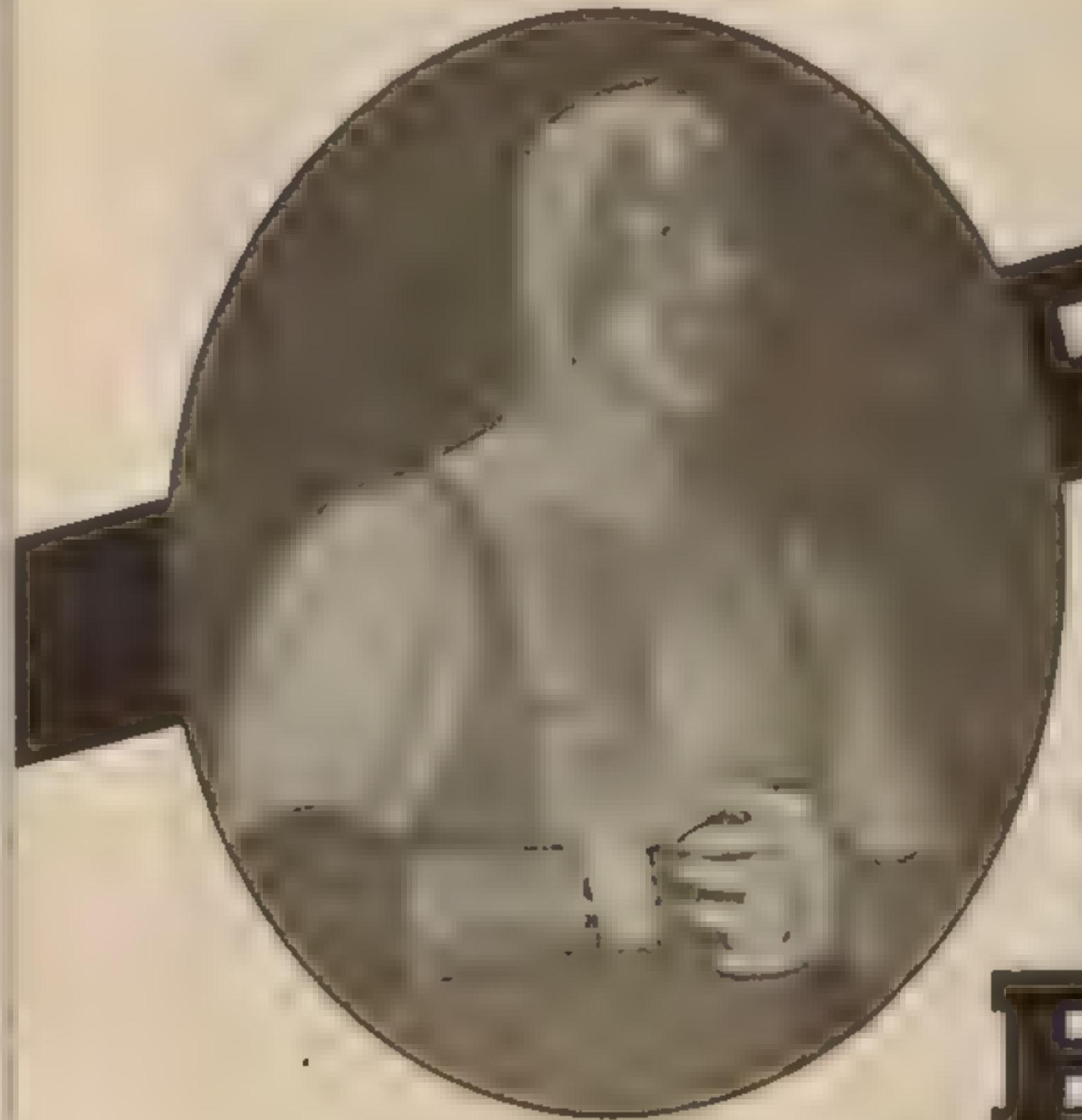
Mascaras was absolutely correct in his assessment of his opponent. Though Ota did give Mil a little trouble—and he did use tactics that would have destroyed lesser men—Mil was able to win. In less than 20 minutes, Dr. Ota had been subdued by Mascaras.

The fans proved they still loved Mil. When the Mexican wrestler's hand was raised in victory by the referee, the crowd was on its feet, cheering wildly for Mascaras. All his fears about how they would react to him this time around had been groundless. There had been nothing to worry about.

That night Mascaras vowed to himself he would again devote most of his energies to wrestling in California. It had been where he belonged all along. He had learned that lesson—the hard way. But sometimes a man has to go a long distance out of his way in order to come back a short distance correctly.

Mil had come back correctly. He was king of all he saw. It pleased him. And it pleased the fans. □

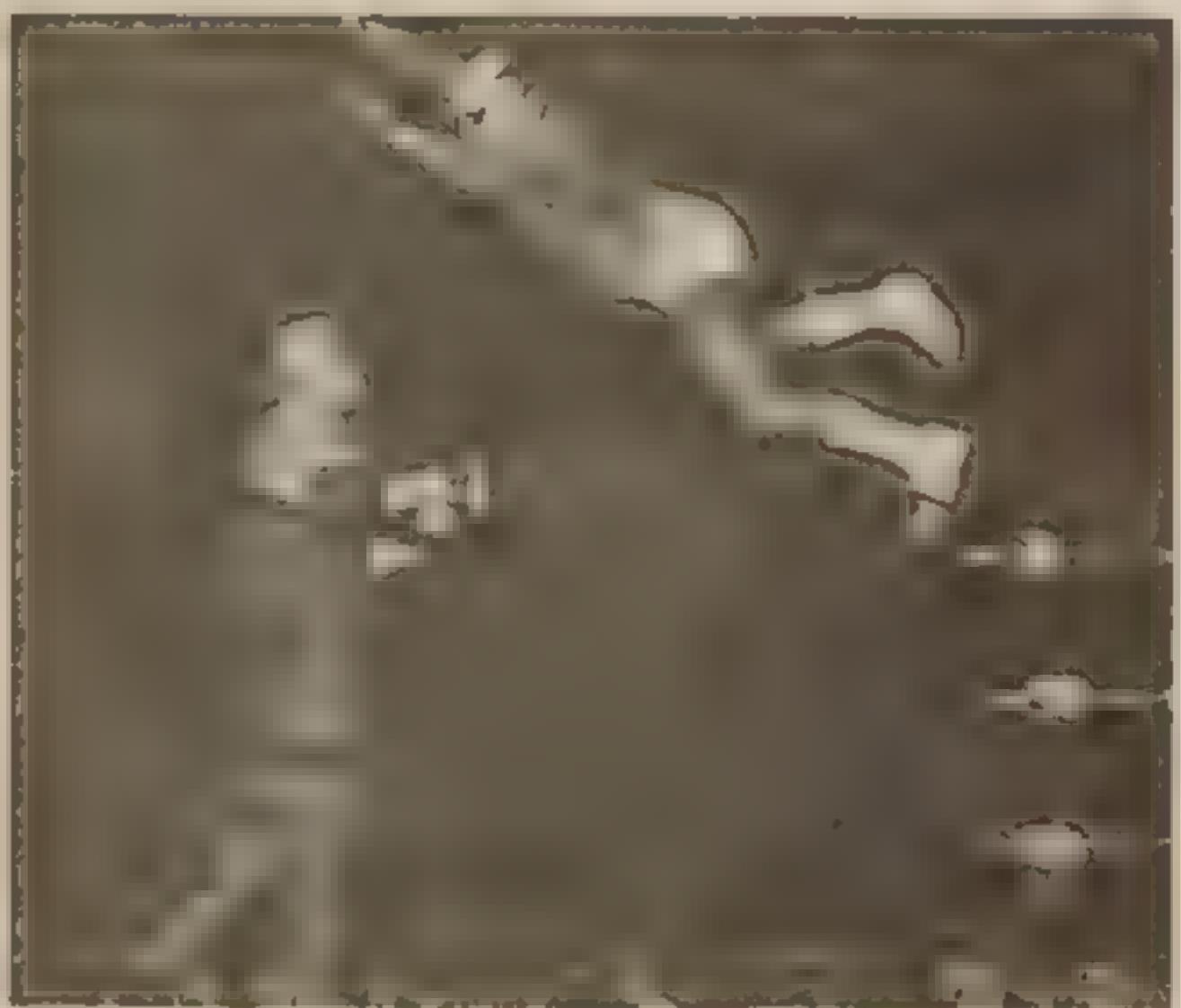




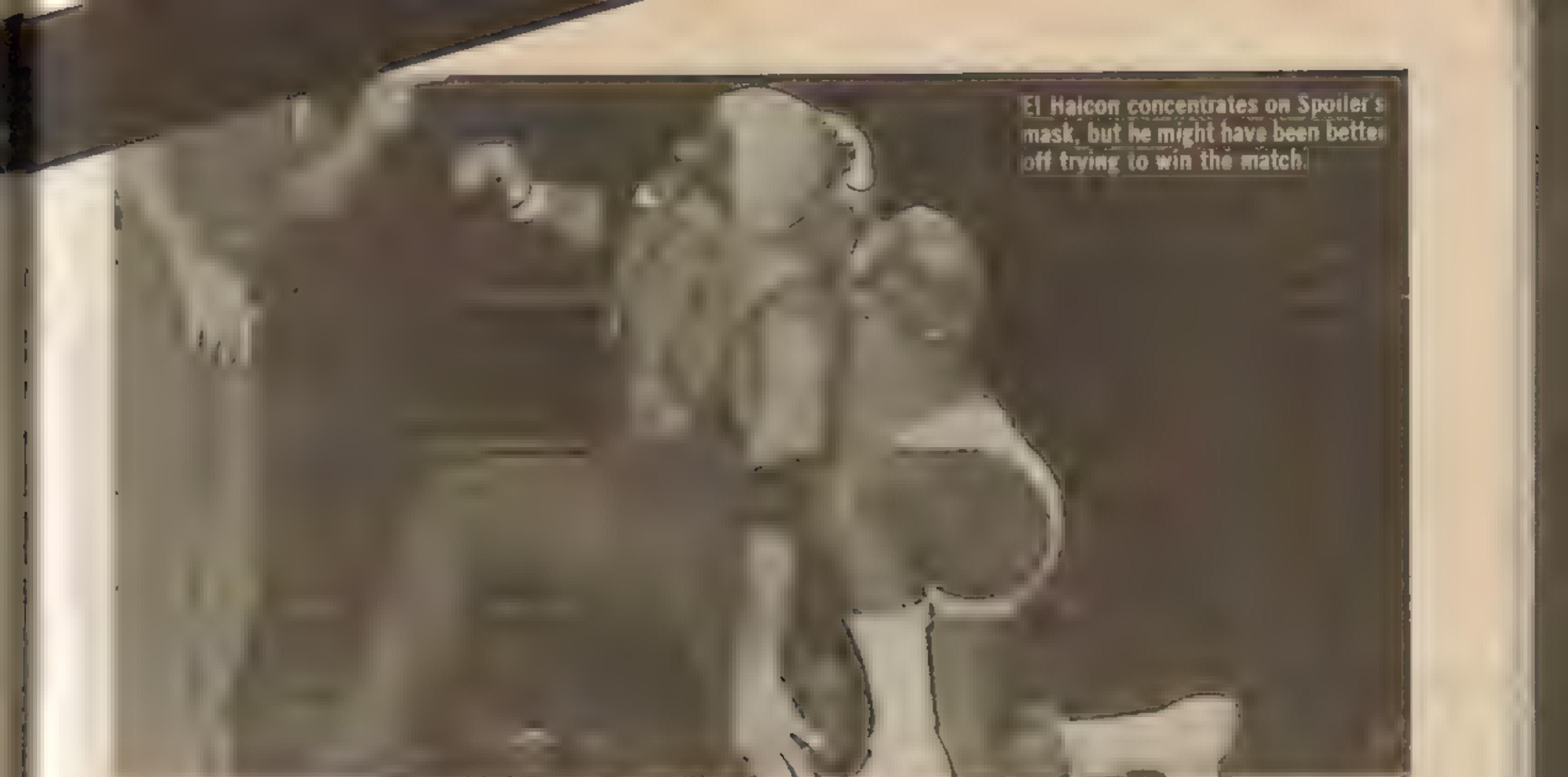
THE SPOILER

**"THERE  
SHOULD  
BE NO  
MASKED W  
EXCEPT FOR**

The mere mention of another masked wrestler brings Spoiler's blood to the boiling point. But when he gets into the ring with one, he turns into a crazed animal. He feels there is only one man worthy of a mask, and he intends to run the "imposters" out of the sport



The Spoiler has made well known his feelings on other masked wrestlers, but it is El Halcon who is trying to remove Spoiler's mask (above left). Halcon hits Spoiler with a flying body press (above right).



El Halcon concentrates on Spoiler's mask, but he might have been better off trying to win the match.

# WRESTLERS FOR ME!"



Spoiler, the loose strings of his mask dangling, attacks Halcon with a chair outside the ring. Spoiler said he gets very upset when people confuse him with other masked wrestlers. He would like to destroy them all.

**“W**HAT'S IT LIKE wearing a mask?"

Spoiler's black eyes glared from within their masked facade. His thin, cruel lips pursed, rough, coarse hands clenching into thick balls of resentment. Suddenly, his massive body relaxed from its inner tension, though a finger pulled at the lower part of the mask.

"That's typical of you idiotic reporters," Spoiler said, his voice edgy, yet quiet. He paused, scratching his masked chin and glancing up at the far wall. It was barren, chalky-white, paint peeling off and littering the frayed remains of the blue carpet. This was The Spoiler's personal locker room. This was as close to revealing his personal likes and dislikes as he permitted.

Except for two chairs, a clock and a battered cereal bowl, the room was empty. The tape recorder whirred, eerily consonant with the Spoiler's hoarse breaths.

"You guys pretend to cover a sport you know nothing about." His voice rolled, gaining anger. "A mask is a personal thing. It sets your character and marks you as a real man. What bugs me are the

*(Continued on page 52)*

HARLEY B  
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# HARLEY RACE RATES THE FLORIDA WRESTLERS



Dusty Rhodes, whom Harley Race calls overrated, tumbles to the mat with the NWA champion (above). Rhodes battles Terry Funk outside the ring (below).

FINDING AN OBJECTIVE voice in Florida wrestling is very difficult. Nowadays, everyone has a grudge. Everyone has a reason to hate *someone*. NWA champion Harley Race is no exception. Certainly his years as champion give him a lot of reasons to hate a lot of wrestlers.

"I have my feuds," Race said with a sly smile.

Despite these admitted prejudices, Race is uniquely qualified to assess the Florida wrestlers. In a title match, both men are fired up and motivated. Other matches may see an occasional lapse. No one lets up when the title is on the line.

"That's what makes being champ so hard," Race said.

**DUSTY RHODES:** "He got lucky . . . once. Rhodes has good quickness for a blubber body. His one good maneuver, the bionic elbowsmash, is decent, though probably overrated. I'd say



When you are a challenger, your sights are set on one man—the champion. But when you are the champion, you've got to keep track of all the challengers. You've got to know everything about them, from their wrestling ability to how much heart they have. Harley Race is more qualified than anyone to discuss Florida's wrestling stars.



Harley Race considers a match against Sweet Brown Sugar (above) "a night off." The Briscos, Jack and Jerry (right), are just mediocre wrestlers, Race says.



According to Race, Mike Graham has the tools to be a good wrestler, but he lacks the courage needed to become a champion. Race feels that Graham's partners have made him look good. Alone, he is just second-rate.

Rhodes is one of the most overrated wrestlers around."

**STEVE TRAVIS:** "Not a bad youngster. He shows me guts, something rare among Florida wrestlers. Whether he has any kind of future would depend on how influenced he is by some of

the half-wits down there. If he sticks to his basic skills, he could be something decent."

**MIKE GRAHAM:** "A classic example of a kid with adequate skills, half a mind and an all right physique lacking the one ingredient every top wrestler

must have: courage. Graham's the kind who runs at pain, who can't stand a war, who needs a partner or else he's nothin'. Look at his record. Every notable achievement has been on someone else's coattails: Garvin, Keirn. On his own, Graham will be nothin' more than a second-rate contender, at best."

**JACK AND JERRY BRISCO:** "Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dummer. How can you separate mediocrity? The one overriding aspect of the Briscos is their boredom. They are dull, man. Their styles could put a herd of elephants to sleep. To this day, I can't understand how that bum Jack ever became champion. Talk about flukes, will you? One good shot is all that's needed to put Jack out. And turning Jerry's lights out is even easier. Every time the Briscos lace up their boots and get into the ring, wrestling drops in dignity."

**SWEET BROWN SUGAR:** "Too nervous. Reminds me of a masked frog. He hops from one end of the ring to the other. I don't think he knows what he's doing. He gets up in the air, but so does a balloon. We already had a balloon as champion for



Steve Keirn, applying an armlock, is nothing more than a prelim wrestler, in the eyes of Harley Race.

five days. I'm not afraid of him. Actually, I consider a match against him a night off."

**STEVE KEIRN:** "Another of the young-never-will-be's who provide cannon fodder for me. And an easy payday. What can I say about Keirn? Well, his moves are poor, kinda slow and all. He appears afraid in the ring, always looking away for help. Can't respect that. I've had some of my easiest bouts against Keirn. Mediocre prelim wrestler in my view."

**RAY STEVENS:** "Hard-nosed brawler from the old school. Here's someone who knows how to wrestle. What amazes me is his pairing with Graham. How can a tough vet like Stevens ruin his career like that? I don't know. I think Stevens is the only one I respect."

**TERRY AND DORY FUNK JR.:** "Least Gene Autry and Roy Rogers had sense enough to retire when they were through. Too bad the Funks don't realize they're washed up bums. I laugh when Terry brags how tough he is. Couple of times, I thought I'd kill him with one of my softer moves. Terry is awkward and brittle. Nothin' more than a loud-mouth. Then there's Dory



Ray Stevens (throwing a right above) is one wrestler that Race does respect. He likes Stevens' hard-nosed style, but questions his reasoning in teaming with Mike Graham. Dory Funk (applying a headlock below) and his brother, Terry, should retire from wrestling, the NWA champion says.



Spittin' image of his old man. They have a lot in common. Both were bums. I've seen men in the old folks home who were in better shape than Dory. He's a joke. He's pathetic. I wish he'd get out of the area before

someone hurts him. Like me." Harley Race has been called many things. Some he'd dispute, some he'd agree with. Everyone has to concede his honesty. You've just had a healthy dosage of Race candor. □

## Special Investigation:



Dusty Rhodes, normally a lovable man, is an animal when wrestling Terry Funk. Dusty brings a table into the ring (above) and bloodies Funk's head as he pounds his face into the wooden surface (left and right).

# THEY HAVE TO FOR TO WRESTLE

By Stu Saks

"YEAH, UH HUH, sure, I understand. Okay. Hey, if there's nothin' we can do, there's nothin' we can do. Bye bye good buddy." Dusty Rhodes placed the receiver on the telephone and shook his head. "There's nothing I can do," he said.

Dusty Rhodes was calm and rational, despite the futility of

his hour-long conversation with his lawyer.

Dusty has a serious problem. A problem that very few wrestling followers are going to believe or understand. A problem that Dusty, himself, doesn't fully understand.

By now, it is no secret that the man Rhodes most hates is Terry Funk. It was Funk who attacked Dusty in Orlando, Florida,

before his scheduled NWA title defense against Harley Race. It was Funk who broke Rhodes' arm, allowing Race to regain the title. What Rhodes wanted even more than another chance to wrestle for the championship was the opportunity to get Funk in the ring. And Funk was quite agreeable. So in an unprecedented move, Rhodes and Funk signed to a series of 20 matches

**Incredible as it may seem, Dusty Rhodes has not one, but 20 chances to get back at Terry Funk for causing his humiliating loss of the NWA championship. Even more incredibly, Dusty does not want to wrestle Funk. Our investigation reveals why**



## **REVENGE DUSTY RHODES TERRY FUNK!**

throughout Florida. Rhodes was given his opportunity for revenge. Funk was allowed the chance to finish off the job he started, the destruction of Rhodes. Record crowds and gates were anticipated.

SPORTS REVIEW, however, learned that Dusty desperately wants out of his commitments. Upon confirmation of the rumor, the first thing that came

to mind was that Rhodes was afraid of Funk. Nobody in this office would say it, but everybody thought it. It was only natural. Dan Shocket, of course, said exactly what everyone was thinking. Shocket wanted to believe it. "Hah, I always knew Rhodes was a fat coward," he said. "He cries that Funk was responsible for his losing the title, then he cries for

a chance to wrestle him, and now he cries because Funk is too tough for him."

"Come on, Peter," Shocket said to Editor-in-Chief Peter King, "send somebody to Florida and check it out. You certainly would if it was Funk who was chickening out."

All eyes focused on King. It was one of those tough decisions a man in his position



Dusty Rhodes' dream was to win the NWA title. He achieved it, but Terry Funk saw to it that his dream was shattered. Now Dusty is intent on shattering Funk.

must often make. Despite his inflated salary, nobody would have liked to be in his position at that point. Mainly because everybody knew what the answer had to be. "Stu," he said, "how fast can you pack your things and catch a flight to Florida?"

I was there the next morning and had an exclusive interview set up with Dusty by the

afternoon. When I arrived at his home, he was in the middle of a conversation with his lawyer. By the time the conversation ended, I had a vague understanding of why Dusty wanted to cancel the matches. I was relieved to find out that he wasn't a coward, but that certainly doesn't change Dusty's problem.

"Stu," Dusty said, "I'm really

sorta glad you're doing this story. I'd rather let the truth be known than have people thinkin' I'm a coward

"The fact of the matter is that as much as I'd like to wrestle Funk, I can't," Dusty said and then paused. "Well, actually I have to but I don't want to."

I was puzzled and I guess my expression showed it. "Let me explain. I'm sure you've had



Terry Funk is wide open to a Dusty Rhodes bionic elbowsplash. Very few get up after being hit with one, but something about this matchup keeps both wrestlers battling.



Funk is almost out on his feet as Rhodes lets his elbow fly (left). Funk left the ring to try to recoup his strength (above). Rhodes wants to wrestle Funk, but does not trust his own animalistic instincts.

reporters at my first few matches in the series. And I'm sure, if they were reporting accurately, they made references to my past. Comparisons. Like 'Dusty wrestled in a fashion quite reminiscent of his old self.' I lose my mind when I climb into the ring with Funk. I don't wrestle. I'm in there to kill. And that's not me. Not anymore.

"I've been lucky that the referee has disqualified me. That is the only thing that stops me from killing him."

But don't you want to get back at him?

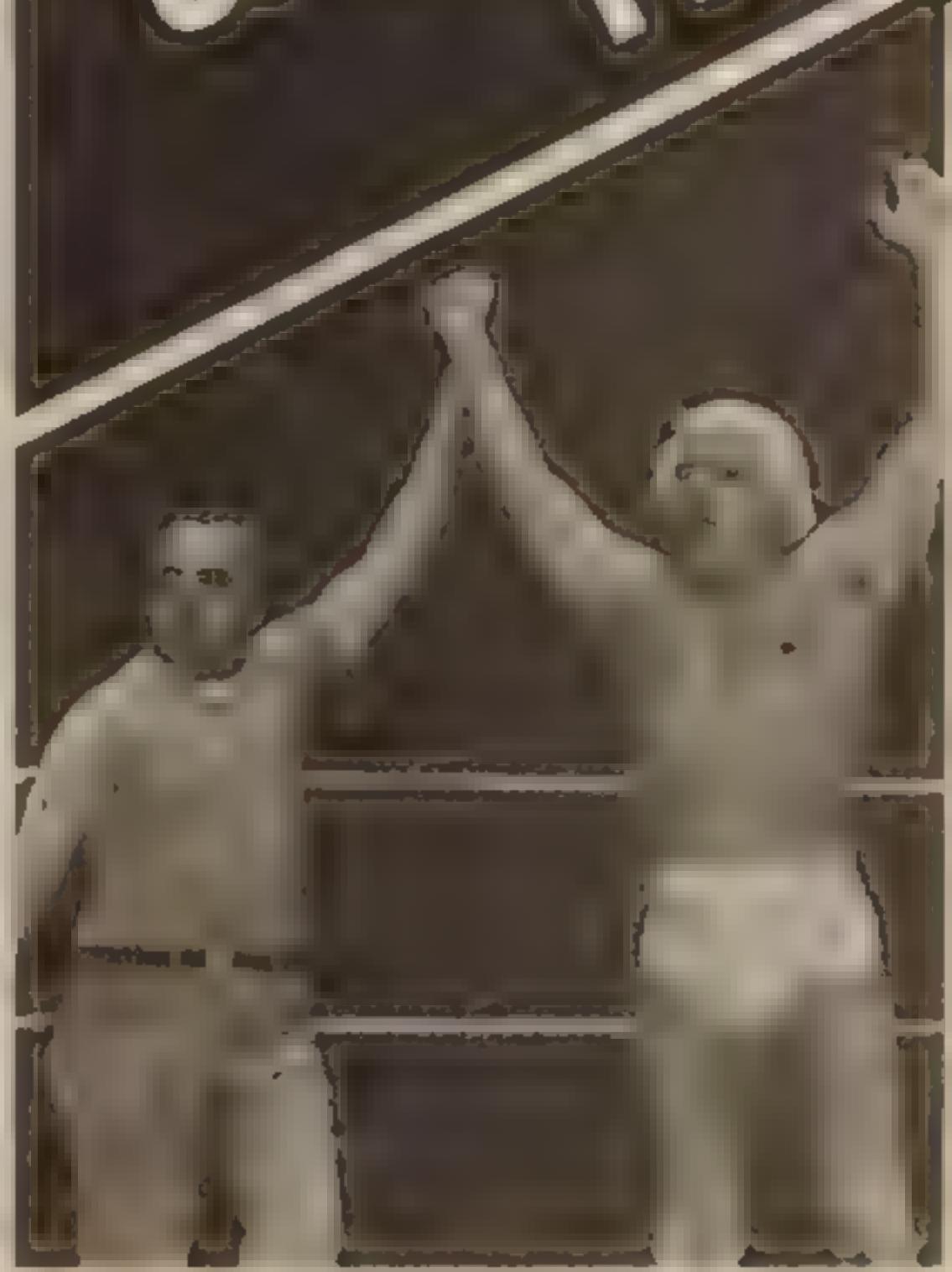
"Stu," he said, "I don't think you are grasin' what I am tryin' to tell you. When I say 'kill' I ain't kiddin' around. I mean kill."

"I ain't the law and I ain't God," he continued. "I can't

make that kind of a judgement on a man. Any man. And that includes Funk."

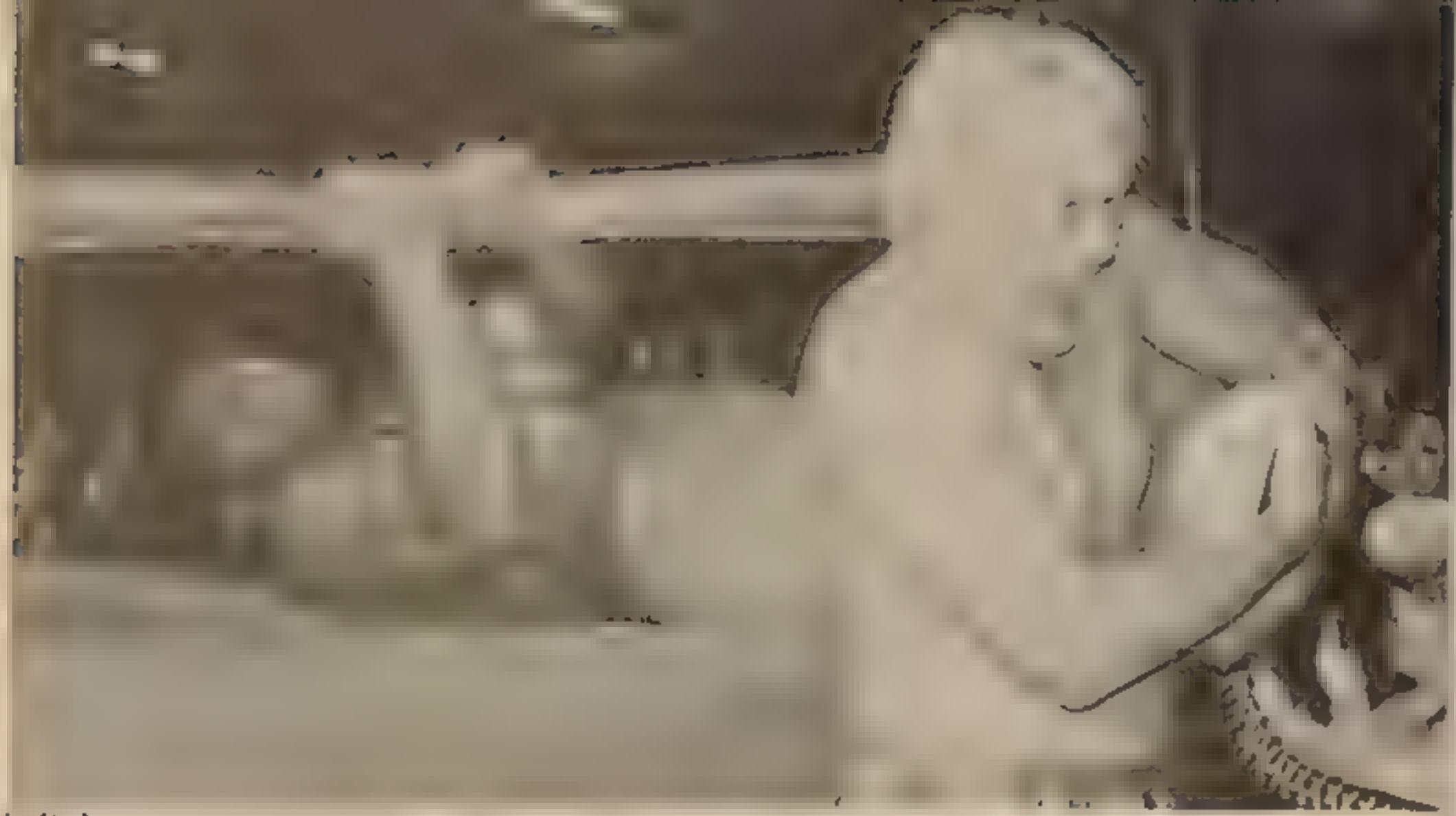
He is left with no choice in the matter, however. Legally, he cannot escape from his contract. So the battles will go on, no matter what the consequences. And both of the wrestlers will have to live with that fact . . . if both do indeed live. □

# SPOTLIGHT ON PAT PATTERSON



Pat Patterson has made as many enemies in his years as a wrestler as he has notches in the win column. And that's a considerable number. Above left: Referee Terry Terranove raises Pat's hand in victory. Above right: Although normally despised, Baron Scicluna was the fan favorite when he wrestled Patterson. Below: Patterson pulls the hair of Moondog Lonnie Mayne.





Left: In a rare moment of non-violence, Patterson poses in the dressing room. Above: Pat tries to twist the ankle off Sakaguchi in a match in Los Angeles. Below: Patterson reaches through the ropes to help his partner, Ray Stevens, work over Billy Robinson. Patterson and Stevens held the AWA tag team title for several years.



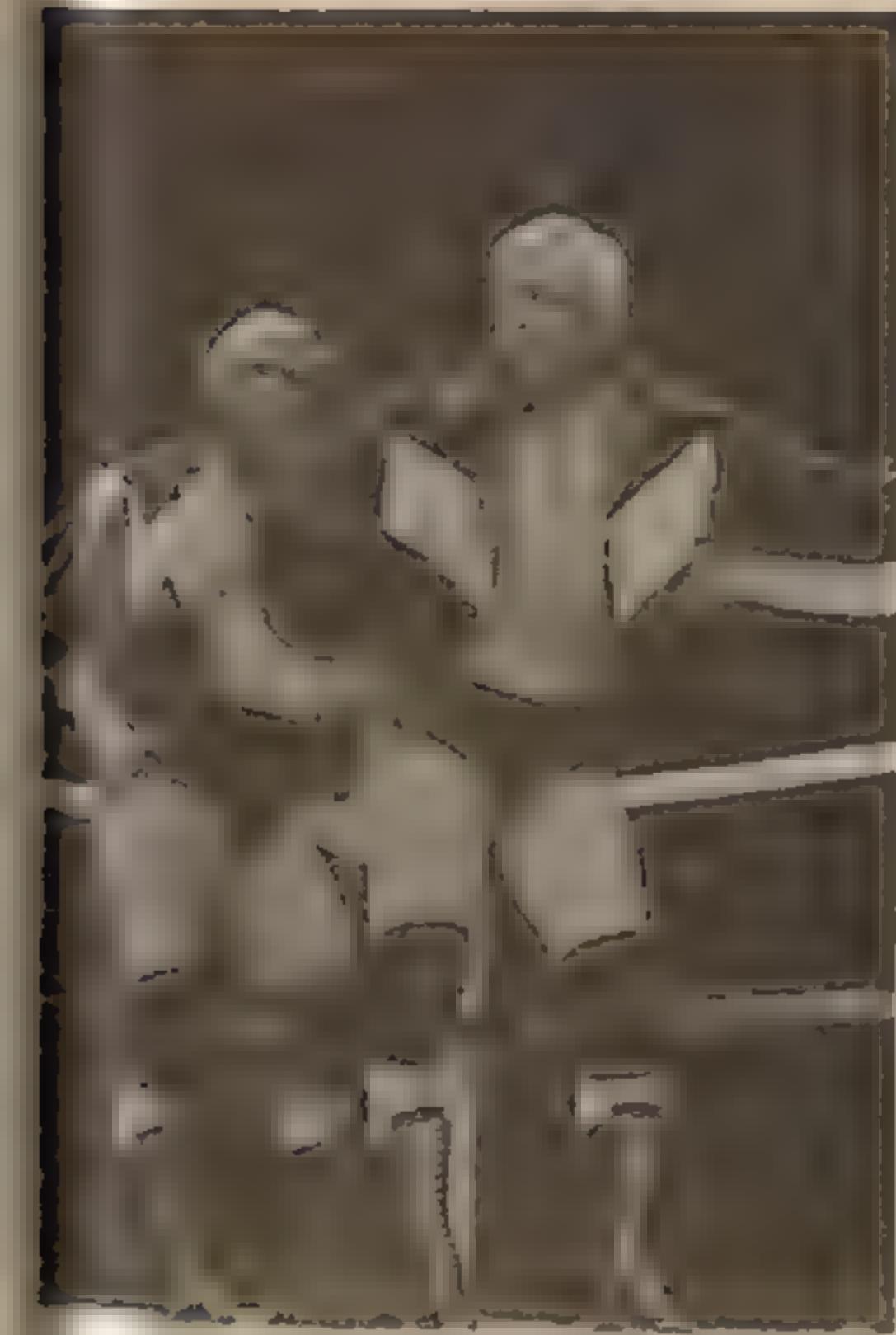
Left: Patterson had a series of classic matches with WWF titleholder Bob Backlund. After three inconclusive matches in Madison Square Garden, Pat and Bob finally settled matters in a steel cage. Below: Pat, the Intercontinental champion, and Ivan Koloff, former WWF champion, once held the Florida tag team belts.



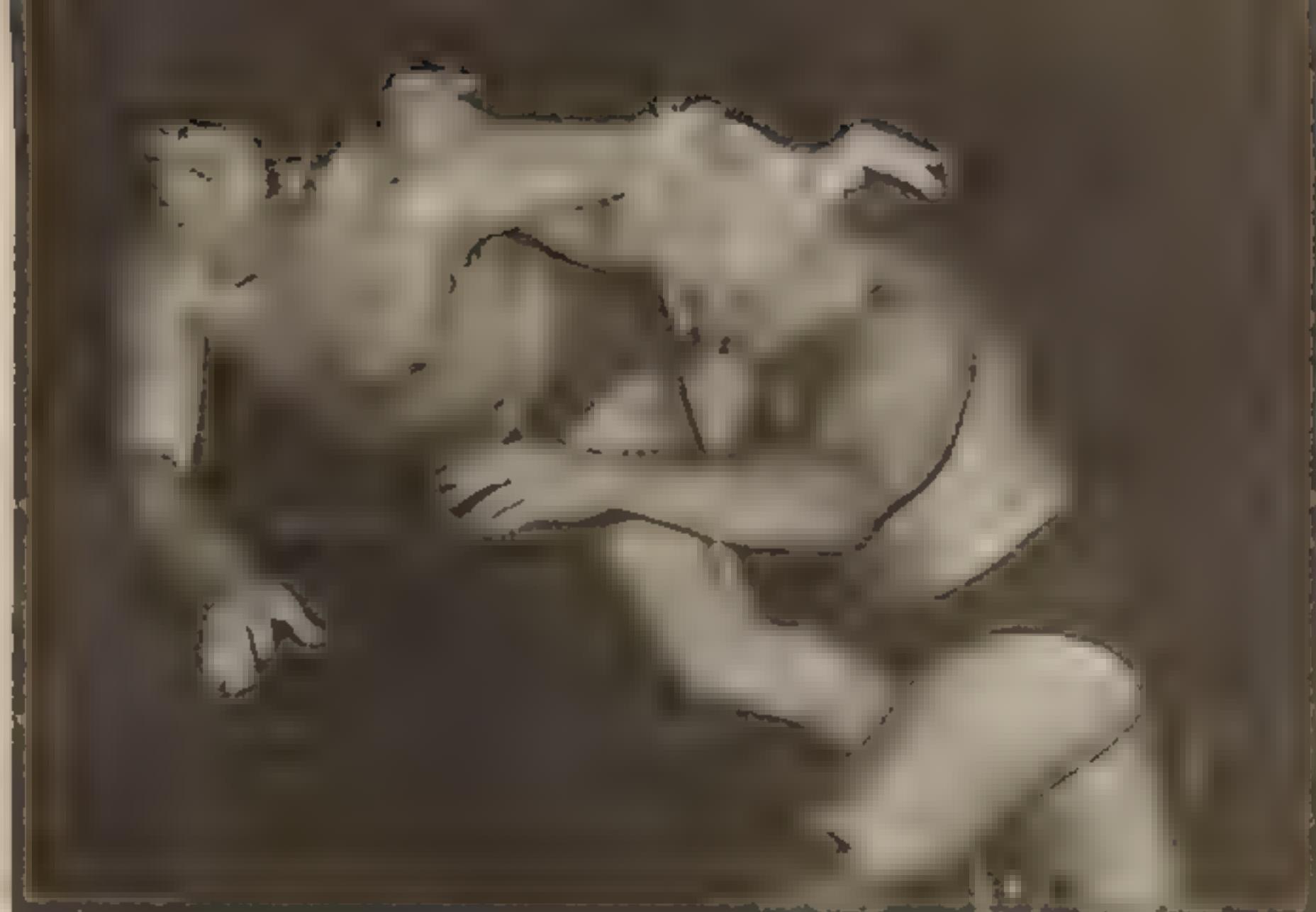


Patterson has been around long enough to learn all the legitimate wrestling holds. He prefers, however, to break the rules. Above: Patterson tries to cover up his chokehold on Jim Brunzell. Right: Pat attempts to finish off a bloody Brunzell with a Boston Crab. Below left: Formerly tag team partners and good friends, Patterson and Ivan Koloff had some great—but brutal—matches after their falling out. Below right: Pat will wait until the referee is screened before using a choke on Jerry Brisco.



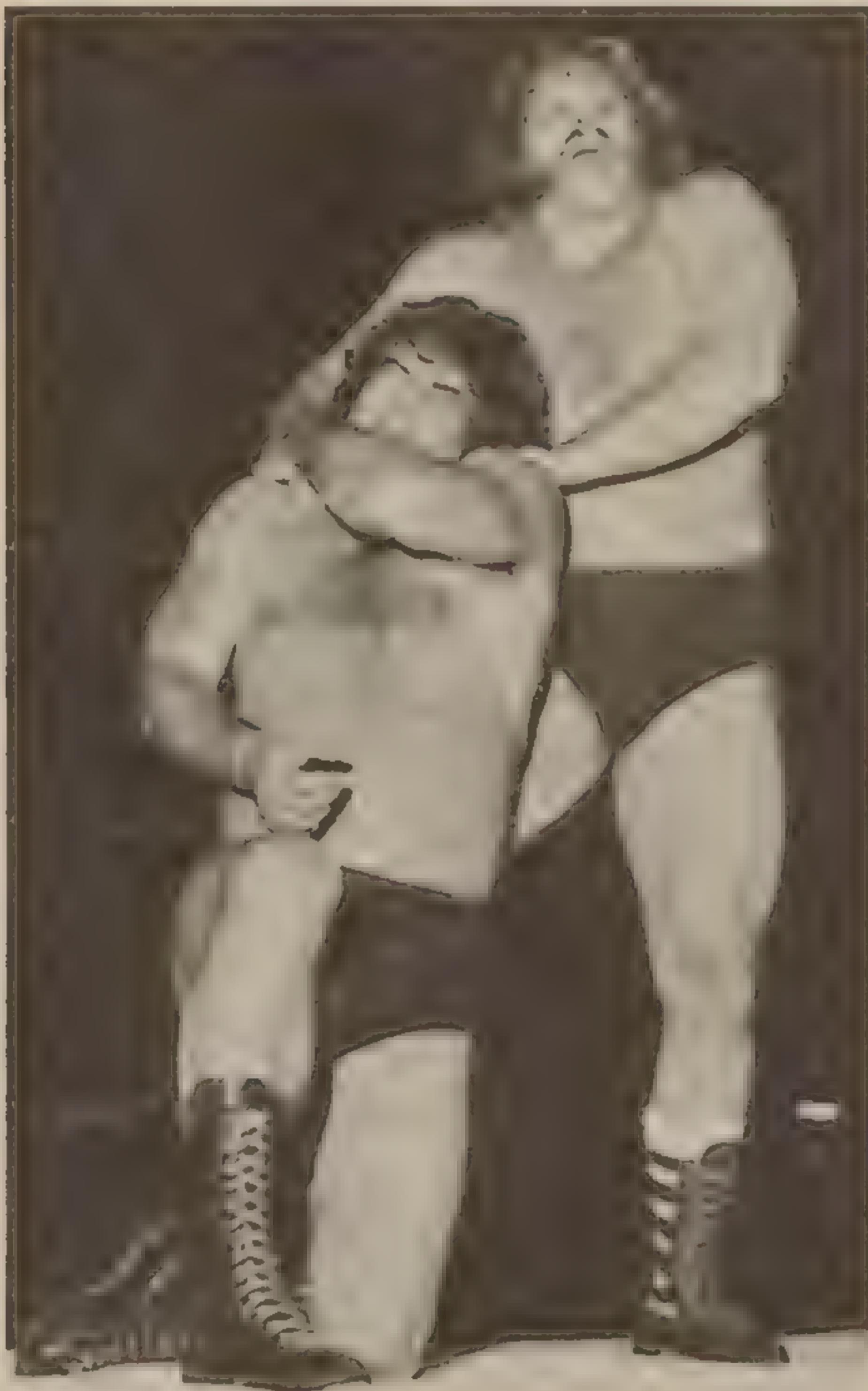


Above 'left: Patterson (left) and Ray Stevens glare across the ring at their opponents. Above right: As Billy Robinson bounds off the ropes, Patterson wisely makes use of the Englishman's momentum to throw him across the ring. Right: Pat throws a right at Edouard Carpentier.



Patterson has no preferences in picking opponents. Whatever it takes to get what he wants, he will do. Left: Pat slams Mr. Fuji's head into the canvas. Below: Patterson locks up Rufus R. Jones' left arm. Pat often singles out a limb for extended periods of time.





**W**E ALL HAVE our demons, who like to plague us at the worst possible time. They remind us of our past mistakes and failings. They taunt us and wreak havoc on our minds. When everything is going bad, our demons come back to make things worse.

Nothing escapes the devils within. The slightest error can be made, and the demons seize upon it as a vicious conqueror lays seige to a city. Our demons seem to derive some sort of pleasure from reminding us of our mistakes.

Sometimes the devil within can drive a person crazy. Then he must find some way to rid himself of his devil.

The devil in Jack Brisco was especially tricky. He was sly, sneaking up on Brisco's consciousness when Jack least expected it. At first, the devil just taunted the former champion, reminding him every once in a while about the little mistakes made here and there. A small embarrassment became magnified a thousandfold in Brisco's mind, courtesy of Jack's

# THE DEVIL AND JACK BRISCO



Left: Brisco crumples under the attack of Ole Anderson. Above: Jack snares a bloody Abdullah the Butcher.

## private devil

Over a period of time, things became worse for Jack. The devil within kept haunting him, reminding him of his mistakes, his losses, his small and large embarrassments. The devil was driving Jack crazy. He wanted to be released from the inner torment.

Who can defeat the devil within without professional help? Only a man as determined as Jack Brisco. In order to keep his sanity from slipping away to his demons, Jack began to do their work for him. He spent many hours going over his past mistakes, re-examining everything he had done wrong. At first this soul-searching was frustrating and difficult. But slowly

**Late at night when the moon is full, every man has seen the devil within himself. However, it's only the bravest who can withstand the assault of the devil from without. Jack Brisco is such a man**



Above: After besting Jack in a test of strength, Bruiser prepares to kick his foe in the chest. Yet, with all Bruiser's power, he couldn't punish Brisco more than the man was punishing himself. Below: Brisco makes Eric the Red scream for mercy during a furious battle



Above: Jack proves his scientific skills are as good as ever against respected Bobo Brazil.

a new perception of himself emerged. He began to look at his life in a different light.

By looking back at his past mistakes, Jack began to see why he had erred. This self-study became an all-important aspect to Brisco's life. He was facing down his devils. Now he was calling the shots. Whenever they tried to taunt him, he could acknowledge their taunts. He could just say to himself, "I'll never make that mistake again."

Jack began to see himself as a flawed human being, but that was all right. He made mistakes. So did everyone else. He was gaining the power to recognize his errors and not repeat them. The self-analysis was working for him. He was defeating the devil within.

The change within was reflected in a change others could see. His wrestling began to improve. Jack began to perfect maneuvers whose correct execution had always escaped him before. He would look at each move he made, and try to discover what he did wrong.

The devil within was defeated. His taunts meant nothing. Jack had seen his own devil, faced him, and won. That was all that counted. □



# *Apartment*

HERE WAS NO reason to wonder why the Harlequin Health Spa had tripled its business in the last six months. Their new physical fitness director had changed their program to make it the most imaginative, effective way to get in shape. That she was a voluptuous blonde with a personality that reminded people of Cheryl Ladd didn't hurt much, either.

Bibi was one of those spectacular human beings who make the rest of us realize our limitations. She moved with the grace that reminded people of a leopard. Her strength was such that she could demonstrate any weight machine without straining. Within three months, the spa owner had to triple her salary to

# *Wrestling*

She had become one of the most popular women in town. Her enthusiasm for fitness, her bubbly personality, her incredible beauty were three good reasons. To defeat her would certainly raise any woman's social standing. But that wasn't enough for a woman from St. Louis. She wanted to destroy her



make sure another spa wouldn't hire her away.

As one might expect, Bibi soon began to get invitations to the best parties in New York. The worldly and wealthy made her this season's pet, the one who had to be there to

attract the permanent aristocracy. No one enjoyed this adulation more than Bibi. No one liked it less than Magda.

The apartment wrestling scene in St. Louis had been dominated by Magda for the last two years.

It's a small group of people, and Magda soon tired of reigning supreme over less than 20 girls. With some money and an introduction, Magda made her way to New York. After three matches, she became the woman to

# Catfight of the Month:

## THE GIRL WHO CAME 1,000 MILES TO LOSE



Magda traveled all the way from St. Louis to challenge the splendid fitness director, Bibi. Magda the experienced apartment wrestler, grabs the blonde Bibi's ankle and arches her back (above). Bibi escapes the hold and digs her long nails into Magda's thighs (below).



beat. She was just where she wanted to be

There was only one thing wrong with this situation. The reigning Amazon was not Magda but Bibi. For the first time in several years, sophisticated New York circles were not enamored with the newest apartment wrestling sensation. Magda felt cheated, humiliated, and enraged. As she stood at another cocktail party watching Bibi receive all the attention, Magda grew angrier and angrier.

Many think what happened occurred because Magda had too much to drink. Others knowingly say Magda drank just enough. Whether her senses were alcohol-dulled or alcohol-sharpened, Magda got what she wanted.

Striding purposefully over to the crowd around Bibi, Magda listened to their conversation. Bibi was talking about how a healthy body sharpens the senses, brings nature into perspective.

Magda interrupted. "It's easy to be in harmony when all you do is preen in front of a mirror. Of course, it's harder if you actually do something with all your strength and agility. Like apartment wrestling."

Everyone froze. No one had to explain to Bibi that she'd been challenged. The blonde smiled brightly and asked, "Who are you?"

"An apartment wrestler."

"Do you have a name?"

"Magda. Do you have the courage?"

"It would be impolite to accept here."

"There'll be other times."

"The sooner the better."

"It can be arranged."

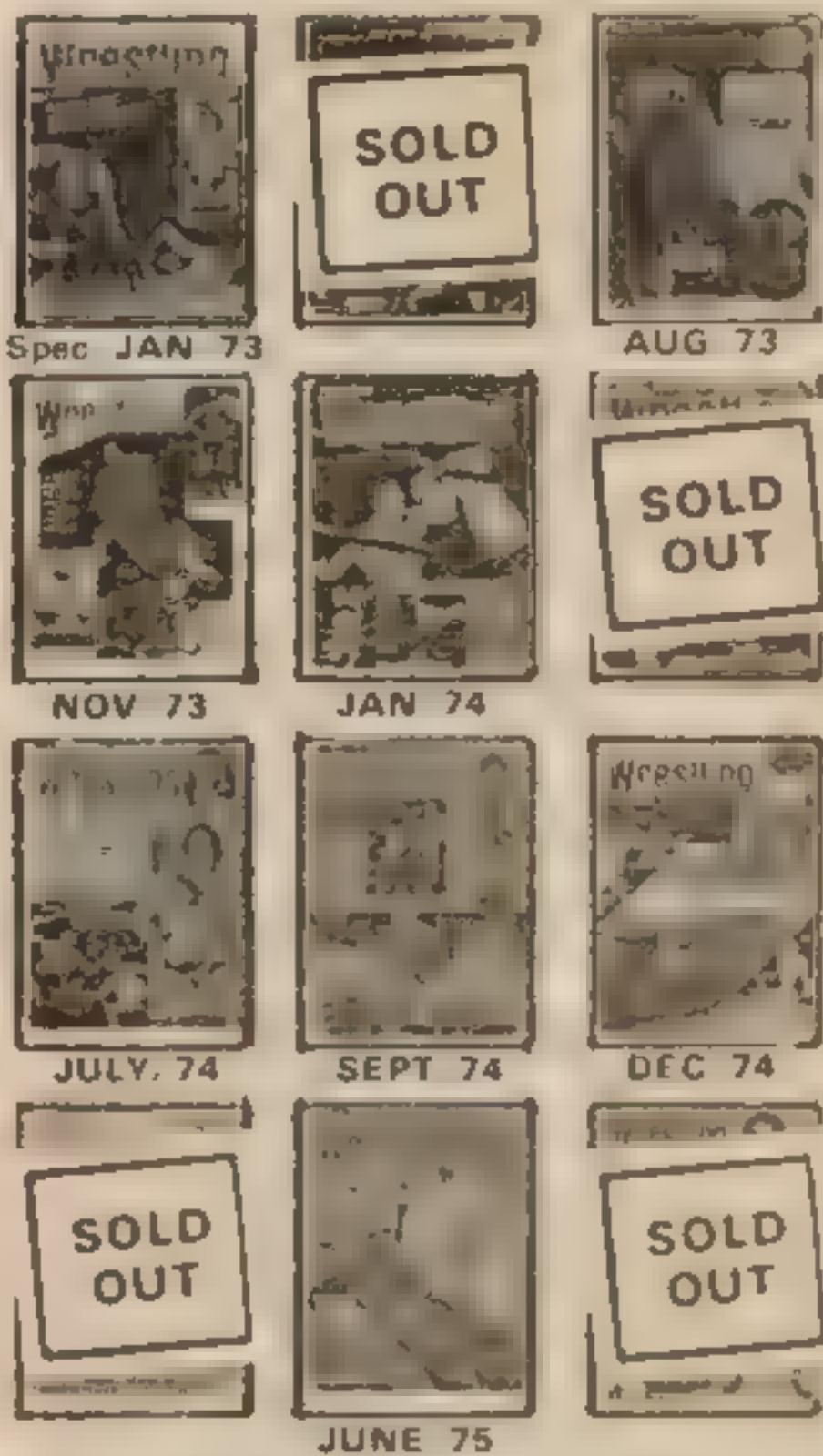
Magda swallowed the rest of her drink and walked out. Bibi remained standing inside her circle of admirers. She seemed relaxed, unaffected by the challenge she had

(Continued on page 54)

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## WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 10)

No, if you have any confidence in yourself, you go right for the top."

Brunzell's fast-paced, high-flying style made him an immediate favorite. The fans

demanded he receive a title shot. Patera was only too happy to comply. "I'd like to see what this dude can do on his own," he said. "I'm glad to see he's decided to be a man and fight



Brunzell's main concern about wrestling as a solo was whether or not he would have the stamina to last an entire match. He obviously does. Brunzell defeated Ken Patera for the Mid-Atlantic title in a grueling match.

his own battles. Nobody to run to. Hah. This is going to be a breeze."

Patera found out just how wrong he could be. Brunzell went out quickly in the match, delivering three dropkicks in succession just after the bell. Patera was stunned and never quite recovered. Brunzell's victory startled almost all present. All except Brunzell himself.



Jim's high-flying tactics and modest personality have made him a tremendous fan favorite in the Mid-Atlantic area.

"Heck," he said blushing, "I was reasonably certain I would beat him. My one doubt would be whether or not I would have the stamina to last an entire bout without getting those periods of rest you get in tag team competition. That's why I tried to weaken him early. I guess it was good strategy."

Good enough to earn Brunzell his first major singles title and also SPORTS REVIEW'S Wrestler of the Month award. "This award means a lot more to me than just having a good month," a proud Brunzell said upon receiving his plaque. "This month was the turning point in my wrestling career. This month I found out what I am capable of on my own."

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## THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 8)

would be mine for the asking."

In his initial match against Pat McGinnis, Superstar demonstrated the agile brutality which has marked his career.

"Labels, labels, I'm tired of labels," Graham shouted. "Rulebreaker or scientific wrestler, what does it matter? In the end, all that counts is who wins and who loses. Any fan who has followed my glorious career knows I don't like to lose 'cause I never had much practice handling losing. I'm a winner and I'll stay a winner."

—Randy Swift

serious physical harm, notably breaking Chief Jay Strongbow's leg. As a former champion and guardian of wrestling decency, Sammartino was incensed.

"That little punk thinks he's so tough, breaking legs and hurting people, well, let me tell you, I showed the whole world the punk's true colors tonight," Sammartino said with a bitter smile. "Valentine has a big mouth and little talent. Once he came up against Sammartino, well, everyone saw what happened."



## CRUSHER

ATLANTA, GA.—Crusher has vowed to pulverize Killer Karl Kox. It's not as simple as a title shot, though Kox's Georgia heavyweight title is an attractive inducement. This feud goes back a few years.

"I hate Heenan," snarled Crusher. "That bum comes into Chicago and makes trouble for all of us. He's a creep and I want to wipe out Heenan's family of wrestlers. Nothin' would make me happier."

Like all of Heenan's wrestlers, Kox is contemptuous of challengers.

"Hah. Crusher wants to wipe us out? I'll wrestle him as soon as I stop laughing," Kox said. "Who's he think we are, some kids? We're an army capable of ruining anyone."

"If Crusher's stupid enough to try it, I ain't taking any responsibility for what'll happen to him," Kox said, shrugging in finality.

Crusher, a lonely wrestler fighting a lonely battle against a vicious enemy.

—B.W. Foreman □



## BRUNO VS. VALENTINE

NEW YORK, N.Y.—"Dog-gone it, I've wanted to teach that punk a lesson for a long time," snapped Bruno Sammartino. His locker room was crowded with well-wishers after an especially violent brawl against Greg Valentine.

For months, Valentine's figure-four, leglock has terrorized the WWF, in a couple of instances inflicting

Valentine was stunned by Sammartino's ability to absorb punishment and wriggle free of holds.

"You know, I've seen punks come and go," Bruno said. "Greg Valentine is no different than any other punk I've seen. Maybe he'll go someplace else once he realizes his days are over in the WWF."

—Allison Corey

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# The Inquiring Reporter

*(Continued from Page 12)*



Arlene Sullivan of Chicago says it breaks her heart when scientific wrestlers like Bob Backlund (here tying up Ivan Koloff) have their careers shortened by sneak-attacks.

wrestling is to win. Anything a man does to win is okay by me."

*Arlene Sullivan, Chicago, Illinois*  
"Why bother? Nothing ever gets done. It tears my heart out to see fine men like Bob Backlund have their careers shortened because of hoodlums who roam throughout

wrestling like deranged animals I've been a fan for over 10 years now and every few months a big hue and cry comes up about policing the sport. Nothing will happen until we get some commissioners with guts."

*Ed Hoyt, Mobile, Alabama:*



Leon Pushkin of Houston says he'd love to see Nick Bockwinkel pummeled by men like Bruiser Brodie or the Von Erichs.

"Suspend anyone who sneak attacks a wrestler for a year. Have no pardons at all and make sure they don't go near an arena. Maybe when they're starving and forced into selling pencils, they'll learn something about right and wrong and how civilized people conduct themselves. Anything short of a year doesn't act as sufficient punishment. If it were up to me, I'd take them out back and horsewhip them."

*Leon Pushkin, Houston, Texas:* "All rules are ridiculous. When you contemplate the changeability of the Universe, which will explode and kill us all in a few billion years, the feasibility of wrestling rules seems a bit out of place, wouldn't you say? Why not hold the matches in an alleyway and let them pummel each other until they bleed. I'd like to see Nick Bockwinkel battered by one of the Von Erichs or Bruiser Brodie." □

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## THE SPOILER

(Continued from Page 29)



twerps who don masks, men who bring disgrace to the only real masked wrestlers around

"Me. There should be no masked wrestlers except for me," Spoiler rose and paced crazily, his heavy breathing rumbling about the silent room. Whirling, Spoiler hurled his blackish glower in a mad arc, bouncing off the ceiling, the floor, a wall, finally resting, partly from exhaustion, partly from indecision, on the interviewer.

"Piddling minds may interpret this as egotism. Hardly," his voice lowered into a thoughtful whisper. "This was a logical process I followed. I use experience and perceptions. Allow me to show you the way."

Spoiler smiled humorlessly and sat down.

"I had the trying experience of wrestling some cretin named El Halcon," Spoiler said gently. "Perhaps he thought the mask would give him magical powers. You know, a magic wand turning a frog into a prince. In his case, he remained a frog. An awkward frog who couldn't turn on his hind legs, much less compete with me."



Spoiler takes aim at a staggering El Halcon from the top turnbuckle (above left). Halcon holds Spoiler in a painful crucifix (above). Despite Spoiler's feelings of superiority, Halcon certainly gave the more experienced wrestler a good battle.

"I spent the entire match chasing the untalented monkey around the ring. That was a waste of my spare time. I could have been doing other things, inventing something, perhaps," Spoiler said shrugging.

"El Halcon is typical of people who think they can be more than they are. Another example is Mil Mascaras, the man of a thousand brain cells. For the illiterate out there, surely the majority, the human brain has billions of brain cells. Mine a few more. You can appreciate how stupid Mascaras must be," Spoiler grinned viciously.

"I usually don't like wrestling masked wrestlers. Firstly, they're so jealous of me that they try and pull my mask off. I'd sooner die than allow that to happen," Spoiler said, hands clenching. "Then I must contend with their continued cheating.

"In a strange sense, it's my fault these things happen. I am untouchable in the ring. No one has ever defeated me fairly. Therefore, I drive these brutes into fits of frustration. They must find some way to stop me and, since they have IQs of 27, on the average, they cheat," Spoiler said, gesturing emphatically.

"This gets very disturbing. Fans confuse me with men like Mascaras, El Halcon, and Mr. Wrestling II. It's a horrible insult," Spoiler rose, his body quivering with rage. "How dare they confuse me with low-lifes. How dare they allow anyone to wear a mask.

"I am the only true masked wrestler. This must stop. If I have to get rid of them myself, I will do it. I cannot allow the other masked wrestlers to stay alive," Spoiler grabbed his chair and hurled it against a wall. It crashed to the floor in a splintered heap.

"Now leave," Spoiler said, turning his back. The door closed quietly, the thud lost within the fiendish laughter bouncing off the naked walls in the empty room. □

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## ***Apartment Wrestling***

*(Continued from Page 45)*



Everything Magda wanted in life was in New York—and Bibi had it. Magda felt that if she challenged Bibi in front of a large group, she could not be turned down. She was right, but the match was not as easy as she had hoped. In fact, the inexperienced Bibi gave her a battle she will never forget. Above: Magda takes the advantage and drives Bibi's shoulders into the carpet. Right: The voluptuous brunette remains on top but cannot find an opening for her attack. Below: Joy comes to Bibi's face as she gains the advantage and tries to remove Magda's arm from its socket.



accepted. Was she really this calm or was she good at hiding her feelings? Either way, that would be her advantage in battle.

Two days later, Dave Moll, apartment wrestling impresario, telephoned the health spa. He spoke to Bibi for over an hour. He warned her that this could be dangerous.

"Magda is a furious warrior," he explained, "and envy makes her even more savage. She wants to not only beat you, she wants to hurt you. She might even try to break your nose, scar your face, anything to make you less attractive and celebrated. There would be no shame in turning down her challenge."

"I would feel the shame," Bibi answered, "and that's all that matters. I've known Magda's all my

*(Continued on page 56)*

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# Apartment Wrestling

(Continued from Page 54)



An observant Magda notices that Bibi's tongue is out of her mouth and slams her jaw closed, forcing Bibi to bite herself.

life, in one way or the other. I'm a big girl, I can take care of myself. If she wants to gain some notoriety, I guess I have to give her the chance."

Moll then went about setting up the match. Bibi quickly agreed to all the conditions. Magda had already agreed to everything Bibi would want. Magda wanted everything to be to Bibi's satisfaction. Except the outcome.

Bibi started training almost immediately. Along with her usual regimen of exercises, she struggled through a series of combat exercises that would weary a Marine. Her body became heavier, stronger, more a fighting machine than exquisite beauty. Her cheery

personality turned harder, sharper, and she moved with the deliberation of a predator. Every muscle in her body was geared for conquest.

Magda went through her own, equally strenuous, training routine. All the pressure seemed to be on her shoulders. It was her challenge. If she lost, the humiliation would send her back to St. Louis. She was experienced. Bibi was not. People would expect her to win. It was an all-or-nothing moment in Magda's life. Friends said later they could see her being overwhelmed by strain.

The night of the match arrived. Magda arrived early and quickly

slipped into her bikini. There followed 15 minutes of exercises, then a short nap. Before walking into the living room, Magda would do another series of exercises to loosen up. Still, when she walked into the living room, her nerves would be on edge.

Bibi arrived 20 minutes before the match would begin. She said hello to friends and then went to change. She seemed relaxed and at ease. Yet those who knew her well sensed some slight difference in her manner. She was determined to appear casual and was being successful at it. It wouldn't take much, though, to strip away that calm layer to reveal a raging tigress.



Trapped between Bibi's powerful legs, Magda feels the pain of a shoulder stretch.

Finally, the two women emerged from their bedrooms and into the living room. The penthouse was packed with spectators. Most were rooting for Bibi. Only a few cheered for Magda. They were the ones who realized how much Magda had to lose.

"Begin!"

(Continued on page 58)

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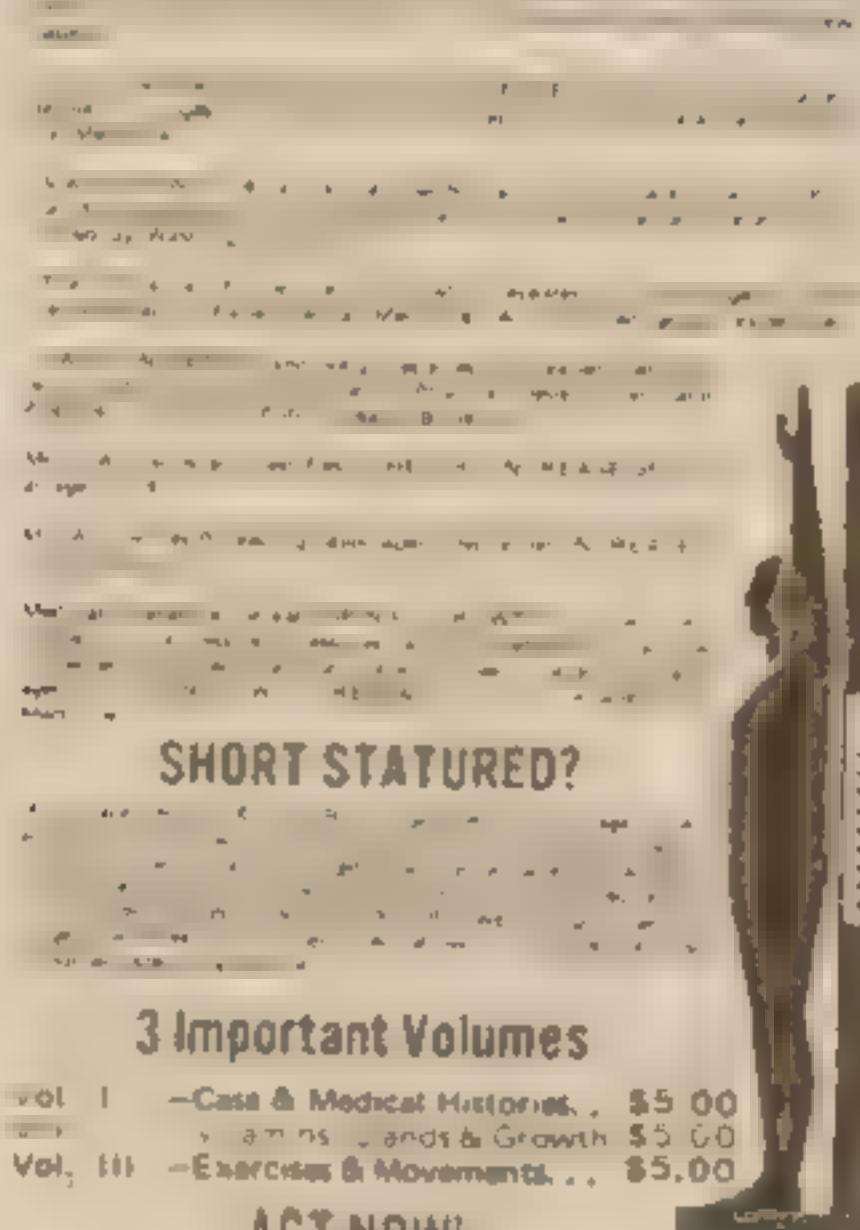
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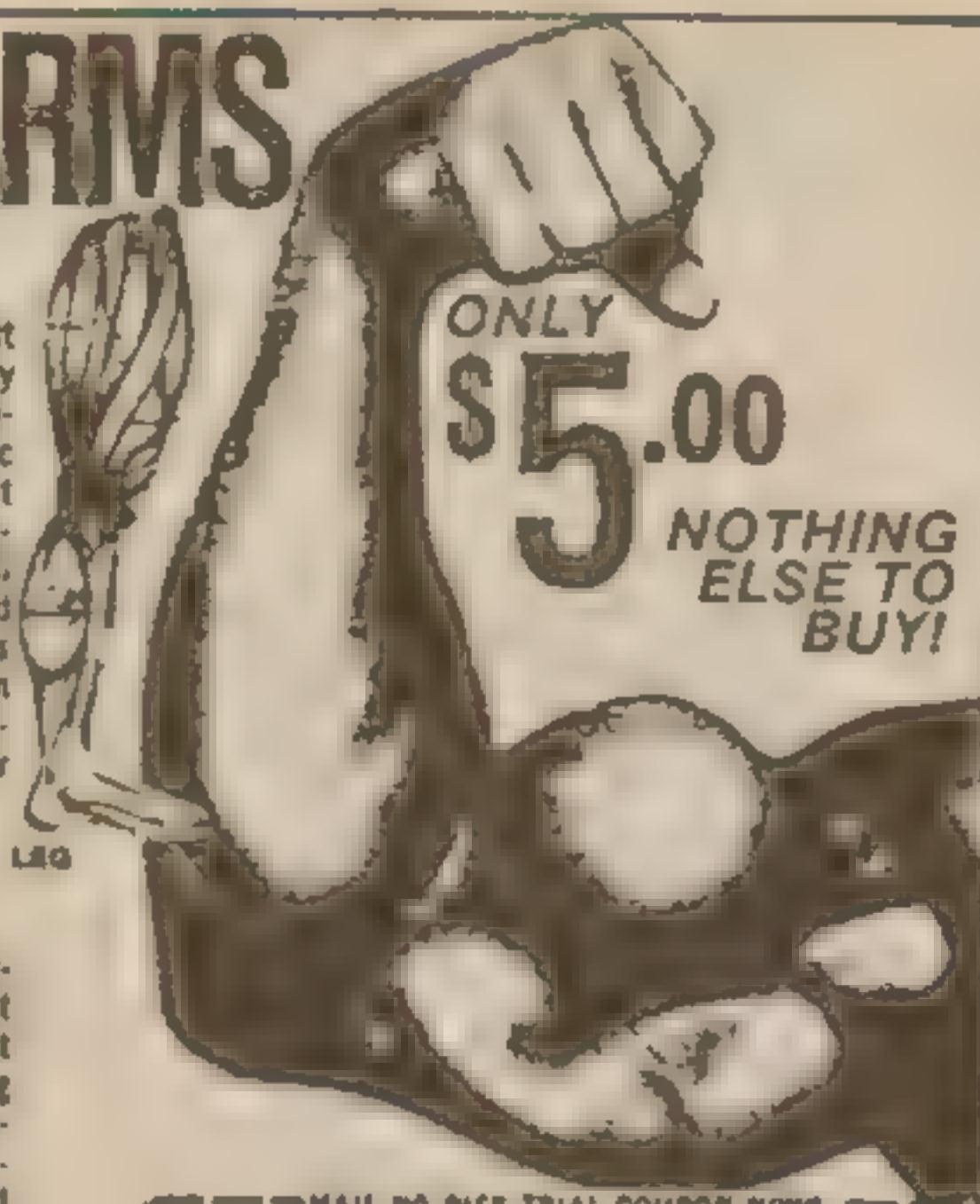
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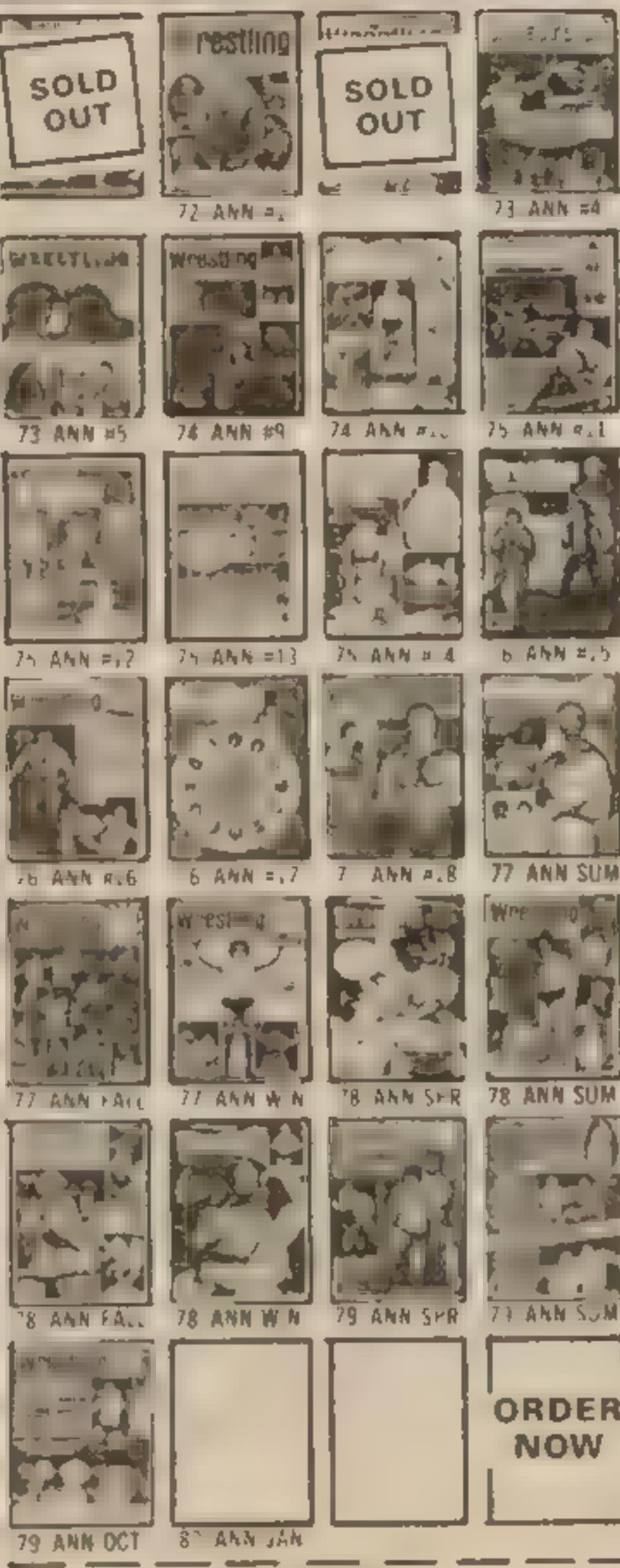
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# Apartment Wrestling

(Continued from Page 57)

Magda started to rush her opponent, then jerked to a stop. For some reason, her strategy didn't seem right. Instead, she decided to wait. Moments of indecision would mar her battling throughout the match.

Bibi smiled. This seemed to rattle Magda more. The blonde leaped at her foe, wrapping her arms around the surprised blonde. The two women toppled to the carpet. Magda was a flurry of limbs and wildly tried to gain some advantage. Bibi struggled to free herself from this maddened whirlwind. Limbs jerked in strange directions as the two women warred in their first moments of battle.

Bibi finally freed herself. Magda was winded from the exertion of reckless attack. Bibi didn't give her a chance to recover. The blonde drove her shoulder hard into her victim's chest. Magda screamed in pain and tumbled backward.

The blonde lay on the carpet. Bibi rushed forward. The blonde lifted her exquisite leg, intending to smash it down on Magda's belly. However, Magda grabbed the limb and sent Bibi sprawling. That would teach Bibi to make sure her foe was really hurt before attacking.

Now Magda began her assault. The tension had disappeared in the heat of battle. With methodical cruelty, she grabbed Bibi's arm and began to twist. The blonde refused to scream, but the agony she suffered was written on her face.

The blonde writhed painfully, trying to escape. Then, she seemed to lie as if paralyzed. An instant later, she was free after twisting and driving her elbow hard into Magda's side. The blonde tumbled away.

Bibi was on her in an instant.  
 (Continued on page 62)

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# Apartment Wrestling

(Continued from Page 58)



Bibi clinches her teeth in agony as Magda brutally clamps a leglock around her breasts. Bibi uses all her strength in an attempt to pry Magda's thighs apart.

Clutching at each other as if to squeeze the life from their opponent, the two women battled mercilessly. Superb wrestling moves were contrasted by the crudest sort of hairpulling. Their bodies ached from punches and kicks, but the two women continued their merciless assault.

Finally, they separated. They sprang to their feet, bloodlust letting them ignore their pain. Bibi's hands flew as she grabbed Magda's arm. Bibi twisted mercilessly and Magda bent over double, her face contorted with pain.

Bibi grabbed Magda's hair and pushed her away. She stumbled until the hair snapped her back. Before she knew what happened, Magda felt Bibi's knee smashing into her belly. Magda rolled across the room.

Bibi was on her in an instant. The blonde grabbed her victim's leg and twisted while at the same time grinding her knee into Magda's belly. Magda's magnificent body arched in pain, every muscle straining for release.



Bibi digs in with her left knee as she stretches Magda's left leg far beyond its normal range of motion.

Then Magda saw an opening. She lifted her free foot and lashed it just beneath Bibi's chin. The blonde went sprawling backwards, her eyes glassy from pain. Magda took her time getting up, but Bibi was still too weak to rise. Magda sneered cruelly, the look on her face speaking the most savage hatred.

Magda proved her abilities were equal to her savagery. She grabbed

Bibi from behind, her hands wrapped around the blonde's neck. Magda pulled back, straining Bibi's spine almost behind endurance. The blonde gasped for air as she writhed from pain. Desperately, she reached and grabbed Magda's hair. She pulled the blonde's head down and bit hard into Magda's shoulder. The blonde screamed and released her grasp.

Two wildcats crouched at opposite sides of the room. Their



Magda twists Bibi's curvaceous body with a hair-pull to add force.

eyes glared as they devoured each other with their gaze. They got to their feet slowly. Then they started toward each other, slowly at first and then picking up speed. Magda rushed forward, her right arm swinging wildly as if to bludgeon her foe. Bibi rushed, but not wildly, stepping inside the swing and butting her head directly into Magda's belly. The blonde staggered backwards, hurt, but still maniacally intent on destruction.

Bibi grabbed low and tackled her foe. Magda crumpled to the carpet. The blonde wrapped her hands around Magda's head. Bibi then crushed Magda's face into her

(Continued on page 64)

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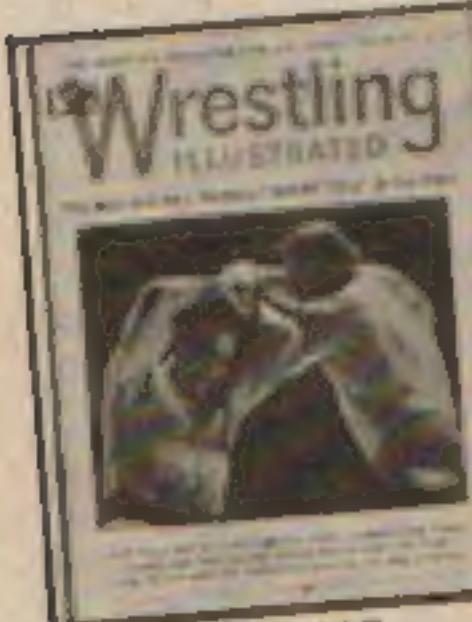
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## Apartment Wrestling

(Continued from Page 63)



Magda screams from the pain of Bibi's surfboard (above). Bibi flips Magda completely over her back to escape an armbar (below). The two savage beauties bit, clawed, and pummeled each other for over 40 minutes. Bibi emerged victorious.



own belly. The brunette gasped for air as she smothered against her foe's flesh.

Bibi then snaked her legs around Magda's midsection. Still crushing her foe's head, Bibi also trapped the brunette in a powerful leg scissors. Magda found herself crushed and squeezed as her body was brutally smothered by Bibi's. The brunette writhed.

Bibi felt her foe's struggling become weaker and more desperate. Magda's body jerked grotesquely as her instinct for survival drove her on. However, the pain was too great. There was one wild, horrible, palsied tremor that shook her body and then she was still.

The match was over, but Bibi couldn't release her foe. The blonde's muscles had frozen from exhaustion. Magda had to be pried free. Both women had to be carried back to the bedroom. Magda was horribly still. Bibi trembled spasmodically.

The next day, Magda was too weak to move. It took a week before she was able to get her things in order and head back to St. Louis. She had tried for it all and came up with nothing. People tried to convince her there was no shame in losing that kind of battle, but Magda ignored them.

Even Bibi tried to call. "You should stay," Bibi cajoled. "you certainly deserve a rematch."

"I wouldn't have given you a rematch. I've got to go back."

"That's ridiculous."

"That's your opinion."

Bibi repeated the short conversation often in the next couple of months. Everyone wondered how Magda was doing in St. Louis, but no one knew where to reach her.

"She'll come back," Bibi believes. "She has some unfinished business here. Maybe not tomorrow, maybe not next month, but women like Magda don't give up. I know. We're very much alike." □

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